SOLOMON de Mundi Vanitate,

LIBER SECUNDUS,

CUI TITULUS INSCRIBITUR

VOLUPTAS,

POEMA MATTHÆI PRIOR

LATINE TRADUCTUM;

CUI ADJICITUR

ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM,

DRYDENI in S. *Cæciliam* ODE,

LINGUA EADEM DONATA

A

GEORGIO BALLY, Coll. Reg. [redacted] Alumn.

CANTABRIGIÆ,

TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDEBAT J. BENTHAM.

Veneunt apud J. et R. Tonson, P. Vaillant, et R. Dodsley, Londini;
Corn. et J. Crownfield, et Gul. Thurlbourn, Cantabrigiæ;
J. Fletcher Oxonii, et J. Pote Etonæ.

M.DCC.XLIII.

Ms 898

PRÆFATIO.

8 Ni 25

PAUCA de Opuſculo hoc, quod e Scrinii (ubì forſan meliùs latuiſſet) jam in Publicum evolavit Carcere, neceſſarium mihi præmittere videtur. Qui enim in Campum Criticorum Martium famæ petitor deſcendit, cum quibus conflictetur, compluria invenit mala. Veterani iſti, et jam Rude donati Poeticâ Scriptores, quæ in Capite ſuo pridèm exaruit, Tironibus Lauream ſummo ſtudio detrahere conantur. Eum Hoſtem judicant infenſiſſimum, Ei bellum derepentè indicunt apertum, qui ſub Apollinis vexillo militat. Ad Stili venuſtatem quasì de induſtriâ cæcutiunt, et in Vitia, ſi quæ occurrant, velutì prædam ſibi deſt[illegible]tam, non minùs quam Aquilæ in Cadaver, involant. Optimus Quiſque a Peſſimis hiſce neutiquàm tutus eſt Obtrectatoribus, qui tunc ſe Virtutem aliquam aſſecutos autumant, cùm in Alio Culpas deprehenderint. Quid, cùm Celſiſſimi in

omni Scriptionis genere (ſi ita loqui liceat) Gigantes horum venenatis obnoxii fuerint Spiculis, Ego Pygmæus faciam Homuncio? Hoc autem pænè deſperanti adeſt Solatium, quòd, dum Clariſſimos Illi aggrediuntur Auctores, Me incolumem mea fortaſsè præſtabit Obſcuritas. Sin autem aliter evenerit, quicquid erit, æquo ferendum eſt animo; cumque opus periculoſæ plenum Aleæ tractaverim, Aleatoris mihi patienda ſunt Incommoda. A Quibuſdam forſan Arrogantiæ inſimulabor, quòd alienæ Meſſi falcem immiſerim. Facti hujuſce Invidiam a me prorſùs amoliri velim. Quippe Prava neutiquàm me incendit Æmulatio ut cum Inſigni Viro contenderem, quem in Poeticis ſatis felicitèr audere Omnes fatentur, quique Miltonum Orbi Literato Latinùm, Anglicano propemodì [illegible] parem, non temerè, opinor, pollicetur. [illegible]oam Illius Verſionem non niſi meo ad umbilicum ducto perlegi Opuſculo: Quam ſi priùs legiſſem, a meo duplici de cauſâ cœpto deſtitiſſem: Imprimis quòd de ſucceſſu, cùm in eo tot conſpicatus eſſem veneres, timuiſſem

meo

meo, tum quòd ab eo quædam non poſſem non mutuari, cùm Verſiculi ejus etiàm invitæ ſe obtruderent memoriæ. Paucula in meo quædam libello, quæ ex ante dicto Poetâ adumbrari videntur, unuſque et alter eodem tornatus modo verſiculus, ita prorsùs ſe habebant, priuſquàm elegantem Illius Poeſim conſpexeram. Nondum enim (Diis habeo gratias) eò redactus ſum penuriæ, ut tenue Ingenii Furto augeam peculium.

Ut Poetæ Hujuſce Anglicani quædam latinè redderem Stili pænè Claſſica impulit Mundities, quæ in Illo inſignitèr elucet. In præſtantiſſimo Solomonis Poemate Romanum (Linguam ſolummodò excipias) Omnis ſapit Pagina. A Secundo autèm libro mei tentaminis duxi exordium, quoniàm inibi pulchrarum delicias Imaginum, et Poeticum pleniùs leporem ineſſe arbitrabar. Si itaque ſuperinductâ Latinitate Anglicanæ nitor Poeſeωs non obſcuretur, et ſi Loquelæ elegantis Floſculi in aliud quasì ſolum tranſlati quam minimam patiantur injuriam, haſce Otii mei in publicum primitias nihil utique

utique me pigebit protuliſſe. Melius enim celeberrimum aliquod Poema non inficetè in alium ſermonem vertere exiſtimo, quàm, ut plerique ſolent Neoterici, de Cerebro telam, Araneæ texturâ non magis durabilem, infœcundo elicere.

De Ode Drydeni πολυθρυλλήτῳ, quam neſcio an felicitèr audax latinitate donaverim, paucula, (ſi vacet Lectori) præfari velim. Si a Stili granditate non prorsùs deſciverim, et ſi Spiritum quodammodò aſſecutus fuerim Pindaricum, cæteras ſpero maculas, quibus operis me fecit difficultas obnoxium, Candidum excuſaturum fore Judicem. His itaque de Opuſculo meo præmiſſis, Gratias Illis quam maximas habeo, quorum mihi patrocinata eſt Benignitas. Horum in Clientelam huncce trado libellum. His Primitiæ utinam arrideant meæ, ne Beneficii in Indignum collati Eis inoriatur faſtidium!

Vale.

ERRATA ſic corrigas.

In primâ Latini Poematis paginâ Lin. 17. pro *variæ* legas *varia*. Pag. 8. Lin. 8. pro *Than* lege *That*. Eâdem paginâ Lin. 9. pro *Libia's* corrigas *Libya's*. Paginâ 47. Lin. 15. poſt *quæ*, dele comma. Ubicunque æ pro œ irrepſerit, hunc Typographo ſcriptionis meæ non admodum perito errorem imputes.

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SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

CUI TITULUS INSCRIBITUR

VOLUPTAS.

Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis Floribus angat.
LUCRET.

Quid vetat, et noſmet? HOR.

ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *ſeeking Happineſs, enquires if Wealth and Greatneſs can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſick and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and Troubles of that Paſſion.* SOLOMON *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

ARGUMENTUM.

SOLOMON Felicitatem anxiè veſtigans, utrùm Opes et Dignitatis nitor verè Regius eam poſſint ſuggerere, cum ſuo diſceptat pectore. Ex Hortorum ac Ædium magnificentiâ, e Muſices atque Epularum Luxuriâ tentaminis ſui ducit exordium; et ad Spes ac Amoris progreditur Cupidines. In duobus Ἐπεισοδίοις affectûs illius ſtultitia et incommoda ad vivum delineata exhibentur. Solomon adhuc animo deceptus in impiæ morum licentiæ, et Εἰδωλολατρείας nefariæ illecebras incidit; ad ſanam poſtea mentem redit, Rationis rectæ præceptis obtemperat, ac re ſeriò examinatâ ſtatuit, quæ ad Voluptatis ſtudium, pravæque Libidinis delicias attinent, OMNIA VANITATEM ESSE ET PERTURBATÆ MENTIS SOLLICITUDINEM.

OF THE

VANITY of PLEASURE,

A POEM.

TRY then, O Man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For wearied Nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope, and Pleaſure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where Study brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which Doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay field, and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, ſoft Joy, and careleſs Eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe:
Eſſay amuſing Art, and proud expence;
And make thy Reaſon ſubject to thy Senſe.

I commun'd thus: the pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride.

Artiſts

DE

VOLUPTATIS VANITATE

CARMEN.

SOLLICITOS age falle dies vitæque labores,
Cunarum comites, et ad ultima fata ſequaces:
Invenias nova Naturæ ſolatia laſſæ,
Spes tibi ſola, Salus, ſit et Unica Cura Voluptas:
Præmonitus ſalebras obliqui avertere callis,
Quò pallens ducit Studium; via conſita ſpinis,
Et Dubii vitetur inextricabilis Error.
At Campos pete ridentes, quà ſemita floret
Strata Roſis, Violiſque et purpureo Narciſſo;
Otia quò peramæna vocant, ac neſcia luctûs
Gaudia; ſollicitæ hic ducas oblivia vitæ;
Quod placeat, cupidè arripias, quod proſit, omittas:
Delicias Artis, ſumptum experiare ſuperbum,
Et ſibi ſubjectâ Senſus Ratione triumphent.
Hæc tacito mecum ſuſpendi verba labello;
Tentavi quid Opûm miranda potentia poſſet,
Sedulus omnigenæ variæ inſtrumenta paravi
Luxuriæ: Artifices, et molis picta futuræ

Fabrica

Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fiſhes, Beaſts of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond birth;
And bid a foreign ſhade grace Judah's earth.
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former forreſts grew;
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
Rivers diverted from their native courſe,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large Caſcades in pleaſing tumult roll'd;
Or roſe thro' figur'd ſtone, or breathing gold.
From furtheſt Africa's tormented womb
The Marble brought, erects the ſpacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted Grove, and penſile Garden grows.
The Workmen here obey the Maſter's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various ſtone:
And on the Jaſper ſteps to rear the Throne:
The ſpreading Cedar, that an age had ſtood,
Supreme of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Wood,

Cut

Fabrica lenibant curas, et ſeria vitæ:
Arborea ardentem non admittentia ſolem
Tecta modò ſtruxi; modò celſa Palatia cœlo
Æquabam; ſepſi Aulæ intra confinia noſtræ,
Quicquid alit Pontus, vel Dædala Terra, vel Aer.
Continuò Sylvas alienam agnoſcere matrem
Juſſi tranſpoſitas; Judam peregrina ſtupentem
Ornârunt querceta, et non ſua veſtiit umbra.
Antiquum Nemus excluſit Piſcina; repentè
Decreſcunt celſi proſtrato vertice colles,
Extenſis acies ut latiùs imperet arvis.
Ipſa oblita ſuos flexerunt flumina curſus,
Compedibuſque novis miram devincta per artem,
Præcipiti gratùm fremuere voluta tumultu;
Aut ſpirans ſaluere per aurum, aut ſculptile ſaxum.
Quod Libye vexata gementi mittit ab alvo,
Erigit effulgens, ſpatioſa Palatia, marmor,
Aut nitidas diſponit in intervalla columnas,
Quêis Lucus viret innitens, ac penſilis Hortus.
Artes in quaſcunque voco, non tarda ſequuntur
Fabrorum manus: hìc paries vitæ æmulus ardet,
Atque auro turris rutilanti obducta ſuperbit:
Verſicolore illic nitet area picta lapillo,
Et Solium gemmis ſuffultum, et Jäſpide ſurgit.
Cedrus opaça, ingens, quæ ſera in ſæcula gentis
Arboreæ ſteterat Regina, ac Gloria Sylvæ,

Exciſa

Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining roof adorns;
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thouſand Artiſts ſhew their cunning pow'r,
To raiſe the wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thouſand Maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
'Till Tyre confeſſes her exhauſted ſtore,
Than on her coaſt the Murex is no more;
'Till from the Parian Iſle, and Libia's coaſt,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of marble loſt;
And India's Woods return their juſt complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.
My full deſign with vaſt expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the folly of my thoughtleſs haſt:
For, the work perfected, the joy was paſt.
To my new courts ſad Thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft from purple couches roſe;
Vexatious Thought ſtill found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;

Haunted

Exciſa, auratum decorat nunc ſculpta lacunar,
Plorat et everſos Lebanon viduatus honores.
Mille hìc Artifices certant expromere vires,
Splendida ut exurgant miracula Turris Eburnæ.
Mille operi inſtantes exercent penſa Miniſtræ,
Ut Torus ardenti contextus fulgeat oſtro,
Rideat et pictis decorata tapetibus Aula;
Donec jam exhauſtas queritur Tyros indiga gazas,
Et fruſtrà petitur nativo in littore Murex;
Donec jam ſocias Libya et Paros orba querelas
Flebilitèr miſcent, dùm ſpes perit irrita ſæc'li,
Et Juga marmoreos ceſſant producere fætus;
Triſtiaque emittunt Indorum murmura Sylvæ,
Amiſſamque dolent ſobolem, cæſoſque Elephantas.
Cumque opus et ſudor, ſumptuſque exegerat ingens,
Adveniens viſu obſtupui, reputanſque dolebam.
Stultitiam increpui, feſtinatoſque labores;
Namque habuere parem cum cæpto gaudia finem.
Inſequitur vetus, atque novam Dolor obſidet aulam,
Auratique volat circum laquearia tecti;
Necquicquam invitant bombycina ſtrata ſoporem;
Exilii quoties ſarrano inſomnis ab oſtro!
Prenſavit vaga Cura animum, comes atra, fugacem,
Omnia pervolitans latè loca, limite nullo
Contenta; hæc ſomnos turbabat flebilis Umbra,
Solis et ad nitidos non unquam evanuit ortus;

Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd thro' my gardens, and purſu'd my ways,
Nor ſhut from artful bow'r, nor loſt in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my Soul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add Muſic to Magnificence:
Eſſay, if harmony may grief controll;
Or pow'r of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſs'd,
That Muſic's force can tame the furious beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His rage; the Lion drop his creſted main,
Attentive to the ſong; the Lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the Minſtrel's feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe;
Elſe Muſic ſure may human cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their ſhares of Harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's noiſe: the Trumpet's ſound
Provok'd the Dorian Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's notes refin'd,
And ev'ry ſtrength with ev'ry grace was join'd.

Each

Me veniente die, me decedente premebat:
Noſtrum iter inſectata, ruit graſſata per hortos,
Nec viridi ſecluſa domo, arboreoque receſſu,
Nec labyrinthæas inter decepta latebras.
Eja novas, Anima ægra, dapes, nova gaudia quæras,
Magnificis Melicos, age, ſumptibus adde Lepores,
Omnis et ex Oculis dulcedo migret ad Aurem:
Experiare, utrùm curas compeſcere nôrint,
Sollicitiſque adhibere animis medicamina, Cantus.
Sæpe etenim ſuavi Vates cecinere camænâ,
Et veteres dixere Sophi, mirabile plectri
Eloquium domuiſſe Feras, rabiemque Luporum;
Et ſpumantis Apri deleniviſſe furores:
Quin implacati juba luxurioſa Leonis
Procubuit mollita ſono: trucis immemor iræ
Lynx prolapſa dedit Citharædi baſia plantæ.
Mollior an nobis pertentat pectora ſenſus?
Tum certè humanos vis muſica leniet æſtus,
Et medici curas pellent miracula plectri.
Edixi; exultans animis Chorus ilicèt omnis
Partitur melos, et Præludia Muſica tentat.
Mitigat auſteros Siſtri Lyra blanda ſonores:
Claſſica conſpirant, et Dorica Tibia; miſtis
Dulcior his quoniam ſonus, ac diſcordia concors.
Emollit Lituus Citharam, et nimis aſpera levat,
Et coeunt vis omnis, et omnis gratia cantûs.

Each morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly lay:
Of opening Heav'n they ſung, and gladſome Day.
Each evening their repeated skill expreſs'd
Scenes of repoſe, and images of reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The ſoft Ideas of the chearful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot;
The ſolemn violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief deſcry
The ſickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye;
How the weak organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Flying ere Night, what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In vain! too low the mimic-motions ſeem:

What

Matutinum alacri ruperunt carmine ſomnum:
In numeris patuit fulgentis regia Cæli,
Solque oriens veneres, et lucida tela retexit.
Heſperus ut nocti ſplendorem induxit opacæ,
Muſa lyræ ſolers placidæ ſimulachra quietis
Artifici cantu, ſomnique imitamina luſit.
Necquicquam! curæ medio in modulamine ſurgunt,
Quæque Aurem delenit, abeſt a Mente voluptas:
Quod tulit, eripuit ſubitò melica aura, levamen.
Feſtivi Umbra ſoni, lætique jocoſa canoris
Excepta heu! levitèr, levitèr quoque fugit Imago.
At gravis, auſteræque potens violentia Muſæ
Altum animo impreſſit ſtimulum, et durabile vulnus.
Jam reputans Luxum effrænem petulantis Ocelli,
Deliciasque breves, et lubrica gaudia ploro.
Jam defeſſa patet ſatiarier organa viſu,
Veſpere dum primo fugiunt, quæ luce petebant.
Senſi etiam, (Ah miſerum ſcrutantem talia!) mollem
Mellifluo Auriculam ſaturatam ægreſcere cantu:
Æternas damnata Vices perferre canoris,
Uſque novis intenta, ſonos exoſa priores,
In labyrinthæo concentu implexa fatiſcit.
Continuò Pueros juſſi, inuptaſque Puellas
Feſtivas Melico Choreas ſociare Lepori.
Necquicquam! inſoliti laſcivia mimica geſtûs,
Crebraque mobilitas, levia et ludicra videntur;

Conci-

What takes our heart, muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Muſician's hand
Had o'er the Dancer's mind too great Command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noiſe;
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;
And as at dawn of morn fair Reaſon's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night;
What had been ſaid, I ask'd my ſoul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly croud,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;

From

Conciliandus Amor priùs, ac faſtidia noſtris
Ex animis vellenda, capi quàm pectora poſſint.
Naturam partes dolui tractare ſecundas,
Artis ad arbitrium motus componere juſſam,
Et dolui duro Harmonicæ ſubjecta teneri
Imperio Dextræ, ſaltantis Corda catervæ.
Vina bibi, nec grata bibi; Furor indè Tumultuſque;
Et ſimul exhauſto fugientia gaudia poc'lo.
Speravi incaſſùm, quòd pleno flumine Crater
Exundans, curam elueret, ſævoſque dolores,
Ac benè porrigeret contractæ ſeria mentis.
Sero etenim cyatho, ac productæ in lumina cænæ
Succeſſit turbata quies, ſimulachraque ſomni
Triſtia: cumque ſuos aurora retexerat ortus,
Et noctis diſcuſſæ umbræ, ac lux reddita menti;
Quid factum, dictumve fuit, cum corde putabam,
Unde voluptatis noſtræ profluxit origo.
Forſitan ille jocus, qui turbæ cepit ovantis
Pectora, et elicuit plauſum, riſuſque ſolutos,
Vilia de falſo conceptu exordia duxit,
Vocis ab ambiguo tortæ crudelitèr uſu;
Aut dedit huic ortus ſpurci laſcivia cantûs,
Quæ violat caſtas, et acerbùm vulnerat aures:
Forſitan heu! dulci manabant gaudia rivo,
Quorum fons vitium fuit illius, illius error,

Quêis

From topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the laſt regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt, and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of Health ſuppreſs'd, by Wine's continu'd force.
Unhappy Man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy Sloth, ſevere Diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
And in the flow'rs, that wreath the ſparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poys'nous Serpents roll.

Quêis amat optatam prætexere Candidus umbram,
Et Sapiens meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit.
His ſuper accedit ſeries immenſa malorum,
Quæ miſeros fallunt, hauſtuſque ſequuntur amaros:
Hìc immunda latent, ignominioſaque dicta,
Quæque emiſſa ſemel volat irrevocabilis, auri
Vox durùm moroſa ſonans; nimìs acre, citumque
Reſponſum, unde ferox ſtirpem traxere nefandam
Suſpicio, ſæviſque minax diſcordia verbis;
Quæque petita nocent, et quæ fugiſſe decorum eſt.
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effætæ in corpore vires;
Alma ſalus etiàm curſus oblita priores
Degenerat, nimioque meri corrumpitur uſu.
O nimiùm miſeros Homines, ſua ſi mala nôrint!
Quos agit alternis dolor et dementia cæcos,
In peſteſque rapit varias, perque aſpera verſat.
Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant;
Scilicèt ignorant inamænum ignobilis Otî
Torporem, in memori confuſas pectore rerum
Effigies, ſævoque timendos agmine Morbos,
Conceptus interruptos, titubantia Verba,
Nuntia venturæ Mortis, latitare ſub hauſtu,
Triſtiaque in mediis poſuiſſe cubilia poc'lis:
Inter et amplexas lætum Cratera corollas,
(Uſque adeo eſt aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat)
Volvi Hydros, Colubroſque tumeſcere ſibila colla.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom?— Love,
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy's myſterious pow'r.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt;
Fly ſwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
Your inſtant pains to bring your Maſter joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd:
Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaſt;
All Iſrael's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The gifts of Princes, or the ſpoils of War:
Before their Monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs,
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the Feaſt was ſerv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;
To the King's pleaſure went the mirthful round:
The Women came: as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On One (O that diſtinguiſh'd One!) I caſt
The fav'rite glance: O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.

Mature

Intentatum aliquid reſtat, quod leniat ægrum
Pectus, et accedat noſtro medicina dolori?
Reſtat Amor: lætus genialem paſce Calorem,
Speſque fove teneras, ac molle Cupidinis OEſtrum
Sollicita, mentemque jube, quæ fluctuat æſtu
Curarum, explorare novi medicaminis uſum.
Cur igitùr dubio jactatur turbine pectus?
Cur trahit uſque moras, ac felix eſſe recuſat?
Vos Socii properate, ſimul properate Miniſtri,
Quærite Deliciaſque novas, Luxumque recentem,
Et Dominum veſtro juvet empta labore Voluptas.
Conjux ornatus, et Pellex induat omnis,
Regiaque hâc hilares celebrent Convivia nocte;
Quas habet Iſräel veneres, peregrinaque tellus,
Bellorum ſpolia, aut magnorum munera Regum:
Ordine quæque ſuo ſub Principis ora verendi
Prodeat, exortemque ferat digniſſima palmam.
Dixi; epulas menſæ apponunt, cratera coronant,
Lætitiamque vovens Regi ſcyphus actus in orbem
Feſtivum redit, atque hilari fremit Aula tumultu.
Continuò Muliebris adeſt de more vetuſto,
Inceditque Cohors: viſu perculſus in Unam,
Egregiam ante alias Unam, jaculabar amorem.
Multa animo heu! Nymphæ virtus, multuſque recurſat
Oris honos, et adhuc teneræ primordia flammæ
Agnoſco, et noſtri cunabula ſæva doloris.

Mature the Virgin was of Egypt's race:
Grace ſhap'd her limbs; and Beauty deck'd her face:
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her boſom roſe: her hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh Roſes bring
To ſtrow my Bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd Spring
Confeſs her want; around my am'rous head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber ſhed,
'Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;

Thou

Jam matura Viro, jam plenis nubilis annis,
Ægypti ſeſe Virgo de gente ferebat:
Fingebant artus Charites, Venus ora polibat.
Ambiit hanc furtìm, quoquò veſtigia flexit,
Mollis honor, placidoſque ſecuta eſt Gratia geſtus.
Non tereti ſtrophio turgentes vincta papillas,
Exeruit: nec pexa comam eſt, religatave nodis,
Quæ propriis pollens opibus, nihil artis egena,
Ex humeris, nitidoque undavit amabilè collo:
Crinibus intortum nigris laſciviit Agmen
Aligerum, cirriſque Cupido ſub omnibus hæſit.
Dum ſtupui, obtutuque hæſi defixus in uno,
Dumque puellaris formæ mirabar honores,
Intùs ovans, quòd Amoris erat conceſſa facultas,
Auxilium præſens, dilecti, afferte, Sodales,
Addite deliciis noſtris, ac gaudia Regis
Provehite in melius, dixi; date Lilia plenis,
Pubenteſque Roſas calathis, et quicquid Odorum
Halat; agris deſint ſua Florea ſæcula, noſter
Dum creſcit Torus, et collecto Vere ſuperbit.
Myrrha caput ſtillans, et Succinus irriget Imber,
Aptaque Amatori ſudent Opobalſama crines,
Donec plura negant Arabum felicia regna.
Elicite imbelli modulamina dulcia Plectro,
Jucundumque melos; doctique laceſſite pulſu
Pollicis inſtrumenta decem reſonantia chordis:
Tuque etiam accedas propiùs, pulcherrima Virgo,

Tu,

Thou, in whoſe graceful form, and potent eye
Thy Maſter's joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that haſt warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!
I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the honors deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O above thy fellows happy Thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſov'reign word obey.
Riſe up, my Love; my fair one, come away.
What pang, alas! what ecſtaſy of ſmart
Tore up my ſenſes, and transfix'd my heart;
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd?
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th' imperfect feaſt:

Ordering

Tu, cujus nitido in vultu, formâque decenti,
Cujus et in rutilis, quos fulgur obarmat, ocellis,
Inventa eſt domini, longùm quæſita, Voluptas:
Ipſe meis votis, et tu potiare coronâ:
O chara ante alias Virgo, quæ ſub juga victum
Miſiſti, latè devicto Oriente tyrannum!
Talia dicta dedi, ac ſolio feſtinus ab aurêo
Exilii, vultumque ferens, greſſuſque precantis.
Eripui Ipſe meis ardentia ſerta capillis,
(Obſequium aſpectus geſſit, cor intùs amorem)
Illius et capiti Gemmatum Inſigne decoro
Impoſiturus eram: rurſùſque hæc ore locutus,
O chara ante alias Virgo, cape præmia fronti
Debita, et O ſociis ſalve prælata Puellis!
Illæ omnes, ſtudioſa cohors, tua juſſa ſequentur.
Eripe te, formoſa, moræ, mea, ſurge, Voluptas.
Quam ſævus dolor heu! quam non tolerabilis angor
Concuſſit labefactum animum, perque oſſa cucurrit;
Reſpuit oblatæ cùm munera Virgo Corollæ
Sævitiâ facili, et vultu indignata modeſto
Interius doluit, tereti cervice reflexâ?
Indecorem averſata ſuperbia noſtra repulſam
Introrſùm curas premere altâ mente coegit:
Languidus expetii ſimulato corde ſoporem,
Atque epulas imperfectas, et plena reliqui
Pocula diſcedens, media inter gaudia triſtis:

Semi-

Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper care
Our Eaſtern grandeur gives th' impriſon'd Fair,
To lead her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the bed, and wait the hour.
Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the ſteps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her perſon, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my diſgrace:
By turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord:
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And choice of happy Love, or inſtant Death.
Averſe to all her am'rous King deſir'd,
Far as ſhe might, ſhe decently retir'd:
And darting ſcorn, and ſorrow from her eyes,
What means, ſaid ſhe, King Solomon the Wiſe?
This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but ſhe can no more.
Free to her ſelf my potent Mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.
'Tis ſaid, that thou canſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;

Canſt

Semiviros juſſi, quorum, ſic poſcit Eoa
Majeſtas, ſervat tutela innoxia Nymphas,
Arboreæ exortes educere ſedis in umbras,
Lectum ubi conſtrueret, tempuſque maneret amicum.
Irrequieto intùs verſante cupidine pectus,
Difficilis duræque comes veſtigia preſſi
Virginis; (uſque adeò curſus Amor Iraque noſtros
Præcipitare ſolent, et plantis addere pennas)
Acceſſi propior coràm, amplexuſque petivi;
Et repetitus Amor, fuit et repetita repulſæ
Sæpè mihi labes: in formas cereus omnes,
Supplicis inque vices indutus, et ora Tyranni,
Nunc terrere Minis, Prece nunc mollire parabam:
Serta iterùm rejecta tuli, juſſique beatæ
Aut victam Flammæ, aut certæ ſuccumbere Morti.
At non Illa preces tractabilis audiit ullas,
Sed quantùm potuit, paſſu regreſſa decenti eſt:
Eque oculis mixtum luctu jaculata furorem,
Quid Sapientis, ait, vult hæc Inſania Regis?
Te Dominum infelix agnoſcit Corpus, et horret;
Tantum Fortunæ licuit: ſed non datur ultra.
Arrogat imperium ſibi Mens, ac libera reſtat,
Victoriſque minas, et inania vincula temnit.
Tu potes occultos rerum penetrare receſſus,
Divorumque ſuper naturâ, Hominiſque Feræque
Diſſerere, argutus Sophiæ, et non ſordidus Auctor.

Canſt plead with ſubtil wit and fair diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's folly, and of Reaſon's force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou canſt ſhow,
Whence their misfortunes, or their bleſſings flow:
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
And Truth and Honour on thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,
With juſt advice, and timely counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Iſrael, does it rove?—
What in one moment doſt thou offer? Love—
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife?
'Tis all the Color of remaining life:
And Human Mis'ry muſt begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would David's Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt bride-bed of the world receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, thy paſſion has theſe names deſtroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all diſtinction void;

Yet

Tu potes, ut perhibent, miranti oſtendere Turbæ,
Indole ſubtili inſtructus, pulchrâque loquelâ,
In quantum Affectus, animique effræna Cupido
Deſipiant, quantum ſapiat Rationis acumen.
Attentas Te poſſe Tribus it fama docere,
Undè Boni dulcedo, Malive exurgat amaror.
Nec Te Majeſtas, quantùm Sapientia, clarat;
Et Tua caſtus Honor, Verumque Edicta ſequuntur.
Quò nunc illa abiit Sapientia? provida Regis
Quò ſanis adeò, ac maturis prædita Corda
Conſiliis? ubì nunc, Judex Solymæe, vagantur?
Quod mihi nunc offers properanter munus? Amorem?
Siccine mutatus Solomon inſervit Amori?
Quid ſit Amor, quæris? Dolor eſt, aut grata Voluptas,
Aut cum Pace Quies, aut Nox cum lite Dieſque;
Hinc et vita trahit, ſupereſt quæcunque, Colorem.
Principium Humanæ ſumant, finemve neceſſe eſt
Ærumnæ, infeſti hic ſævit ſi more Tyranni,
Aut ſi Fautor adeſt, ac mitia pectora geſtat.
Siccine Davidides, triplici quem inſignit honore
Et pietas, et priſca fides, mentiſque decorum
Pondus, in amplexum Peregrinæ Virginis iret,
Et Famulæ conjux, et Nymphæ Monſtra colentis,
Inſignem triplici macularet crimine Lectum?
Nomina, cede etiam, quòd Amanti hæc caſſa putentur,
Et quòd Amor, Mortis ritu, diſcrimina tollat:
Dum tamen in pectus tibi dura hic efferus Hoſtis

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breaſt,
His flames and torments only are expreſt:
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;
And all his Joys ſolicit my Conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, its parted root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal vigour ſhoot:
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing ecſtaſy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
Its chearful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies;
The fading Plant bewails its due ſupplies:
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By force Beaſts act, and are by force reſtrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs ſtrength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.

Know,

Imperia exercet, ſævâque Tyrannide ludit,
Per flammas ſolùm, tormentaque, Numen Amoris
Agnoſcis, vireſque, expertus tela, tremiſcis.
In Noſtro ſolùm, dum ridet amabilè, Vultu
Molleſcit Rabies, ſtimulique hebetantur acuti;
Omniaque e Noſtro pendent huic Gaudia Nutu.
Arbor mollis, Amor, nullo cogente ſub auras
Sponte ſuâ erigitur, gemino quin Corde neceſſe eſt
Partitâ exiliat radice, ac viribus æquis:
Delectetque viciſſìm, et delectetur Utrumque,
Et dulces animi motus, quos Utraque præbent,
Utraque percipiant, et amico fœdere creſcant.
Spes fovet hanc, almoſque miniſtrant Gaudia ſuccos:
Hinc trudit gemmas, et frondes explicat omnes;
Et latè Ambroſii circum jactantur Odores.
Mutua ſin crudele negârit pabula Fatum,
Subſidio viduata ſuo Planta arida marcet:
Et vel mentis inops, moritur, vel victa dolore.
Vis regit ingenium Bruti, ac vis ſola coercet:
Blanditias, molleſque aditus Humana repoſcunt,
Nec niſi tormento vincuntur Pectora leni.
Infelix errore tuo, ac ſpe captus inani
Effundas rabiem, Solomon, et inutile robur:
Irarum ſatur heu! blandique ignarus Amoris,
Quod prece vique obſeſſa nego, non victor habebis;
Nec, ſpolies licèt Arva, optatâ Meſſe fruêris.

Agnoſcas

Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of ſway;
Contract thy brow, and Iſrael ſhall obey:
But wilful Love thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful throne by juſt degrees;
And if thou wouldſt be happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not that thoſe arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with truth: with pleaſure each believ'd:
The mutual contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal ſcales the buſy Angels weigh'd
Its ſolemn force, and clap'd their wings, and ſpread
The laſting Roll, recording what We ſaid.

Now in my heart behold thy poinard ſtain'd:
Take the ſad life which I have long diſdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-ſtarr'd Paſſion, and My ſtedfaſt Hate.
For long as blood informs theſe circling veins;
Or fleeting breath its lateſt pow'r retains;

Hear

Agnoſcas anguſtà tui Pomæria Regni,
Adde Supercilio nubem, parebit et omnis
Iſräel: at Amor, cui ſtat pro lege voluntas,
Fronte tibi eſt placidâ, ăc Riſu pacandus amico;
Illius ad ſolium vultu paſſuque modeſto
Lenitèr arrepas; ac ſi cupis eſſe beatus,
Suadelam ediſcas mellitam, artemque placendi.
Nil tamen hìc poterunt pollens ſuadela, vel artes:
Namque Ego ſum pridèm Alterius devota cubili.
Imperii fines ultra, tuaque effera Rura,
Compare cum ſponſo Patriæ in felicibus arvis
Mutua pacta fides, et mutua dextra coibat:
Juravit verum, atque lubens credebat Uterque.
Vota alterna Deûm ventus referebat ad aures:
Lancibus Ætherii librârunt pondus in æquis
Indigenæ, et lætùm plauſere ſtrepentibus alis;
Dumque manu latè Sacrum explicuere Volumen,
Fædera Perpetuis mandârunt mutua Faſtis.
In Mea nunc cernas immerſum Pectora ferrum;
Spumantemque cruore enſem, collapſaque membra;
Quin animam eripias triſtem, quam ſaucia curis
Contempſi dudùm; ac miſerandâ in morte Puellæ,
Lævus Amor tuus, et vivăx mea concidat Ira.
Namque Hæ vitali ſaliunt dùm ſanguine Venæ,
Extremuſve ægros dùm Spiritus hos regit artus;

Ægypti

Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part: be thine, O King, Deſpair.
Now ſtrike, ſhe ſaid, and open'd bare her breaſt;
Stand it in Judah's Chronicles confeſt,
That David's Son, by impious paſſion mov'd,
Smote a She-ſlave, and murder'd what he lov'd.
Aſham'd, confus'd, I ſtarted from the bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected ſaid:
Into thy ſelf, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again ſhalt mourn.—
When I through number'd years have Pleaſure ſought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my ſenſe, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd:
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the wrath, or mercy of my Breath;
While kneeling I my Servant's ſmiles implore;
And One mad Dam'ſel dares diſpute my Pow'r?
To raviſh her! that thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend her back! O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where Solomon muſt never come;

To

Ægypti Ultores Divos in vota vocantem
Exaudi, et Nemeſi fundentem hæc verba ſeveræ;
Uſque Odiſſe meum eſt; Tibi deſperare ſuperſit!
Nunc ferias, ait, ac pectus nudavit ad ictum;
In Judæ vigeat Scelus indelebile Faſtis;
Poſteritas legat, ut turpi cor percitus irâ
Davidides Famulam immiti percuſſerit enſe,
Crudeliſque Procus Nympham jugulârit amatam.
Turbidus introrſùm, perfuſus et ora pudore,
Protinus inviſo eripui mea membra Cubili;
Atque Animo hæc dixi turbato, ægrèque recepto;
In te deſcendas, Solomon inſane; quid ultrà
Quæris? quin iterùm reputes, iterùmque dolebis.
Cum jam Ego quæſivi per tædia temporis Unam
Longa Voluptatem, et jam ſpe fallente Procacem
Præſumpſi, placidâ deluſus Imagine, Prædam;
Ut Faſtum contundat, et ægrum eludat Amorem,
Poſſidet hanc, dulceſque negat mihi Fæmina fructus.
Rex Ego ſum, Superi! vocem officioſa ſequuntur
Fata meam, pendentque meo Mortalia nutu;
Dum veneror Supplex curvato poplite Servam,
Contemnitque meas Virgo temeraria Vires?
Vimne inferre velim? hoc ſubitò de pectore ceſſit
Conſilium, in Mentem quod Regia Corda Ferinam
Turpitèr indueret: patrias dimittere ad oras?
Quonam iret, Cui miſſa, Animæ pars altera Noſtræ?
Ad Terras, Solomoni aditus ubì Fata negârunt;

To that Inſulting Rival's happy arms,
For whom, diſdaining Me, She keeps her charms.
Fantaſtic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape thy anger, who refuſe thy ſway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt obey.
See Judah's King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What canſt thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's pray'r?
Why to ſome ſimple Shepherd does ſhe run,
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite Son?
Why flies ſhe from the glories of a Court,
Where wealth and pleaſure may thy reign ſupport,
To ſome poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with ſnow:
Where pinching Want muſt curb her warm Deſires,
And Houſhold Cares ſuppreſs thy genial Fires?

Too

Æmuli in amplexus iret petulantis, honores
Cui Formæ egregios, Me dedignata, reſervat.
Effere, et O Solâ conſtans levitate, Cupido,
Qui ſævo heù nimium ludo diſtringis Amantes!
Quam non molle Jugum! quam non innoxia Tela!
Indociles tua juſſa pati, et ſubmittere duro
Colla Jugo, fugiunt Iram, ultriceſque Sagittas,
Dive, tuas; at Quiſque magìs quo paret Amator,
Torquetur magis, et pænâ graviore laborat.
Aſpice, ut agnoſcat vires, majoraque Sceptris
Sceptra ſuis, Judæ pollens ditione Tyrannus.
Quid cupias majus, majoreſve undè Triumphos
Victor ages? cur ergò Superba hæc excipit aure
Surdâ Virgo preces, et Regem ſpernit Amantem?
Defugiens Charæ cur Davidis oſcula Prolis,
Neſcio quem properat Paſtorem amplectier ulnis,
Qui, quas paſcit, Oves hebeti fòrs Indole vincit?
Cur Aulæ eximium decus, ac fulgentia linquit
Atria? ubi imperium tibi ſuſtentare, Cupido,
Divitiæ poſſint, et Luxurioſa Voluptas:
Cur habitare Caſam pendentem in Vertice Montis
Stramineam mavult, cunctis modò pervia ventis
Quæ friget, canis nunc horret operta pruinis;
Æſtum animi in duris urgens ubi rebus Egeſtas
Compeſcet, friguſque, et penſa operoſa Maritæ
Reſtinguent Tædam, atque tuos, Amor alme, Calores?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The force, while they erect the ſhrines of Love.
His myſtic form the Artizans of Greece
In wounded ſtone, or molten gold expreſs:
And Cyprus to his Godhead pays her vow:
Faſt in his hand the Idol holds his Bow:
A Quiver by his ſide ſuſtains a ſtore
Of pointed Darts; ſad emblems of his pow'r:
A pair of Wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous Maid:
I felt him ſtrike; and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal ſhafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing;
Except thou turn'ſt thy courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Dam'ſel back, and ſave the love-ſick King.
My ſoul thus ſtruggling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;

Sent

Ethnica Gens nimìs apta Dei per ſigna fatetur
Vim ſibi funeſtam, dùm Fana educit Amori.
Myſtica Graiorum Manus ingenioſa Fabrorum
Effingens ſimulachra, infligit Vulnera Saxo,
Aut ſævum excudit liquefacto Numen in Auro.
Supplicibus Votis, et Thure hunc Cyprus adorat:
Arcum Dextra tenet: Lateri lethalis adhæret
Corytos, Jaculis horrendùm fætus acutis,
Mæſta Poteſtatis, durique Inſignia Regni:
Pennarum Duplex humeris innectitur Ordo,
Quas nunc extendit properans diſcedere, quas nunc
Contrahit in reditum pronus, mutabile ſempèr
Mentis ad arbitrium, utque procax Laſcivia ſuadet.
Sic nimis heu! verè depictum Dæmona novi,
Ex quo Pulchra meos Virgo præſtrinxit ocellos.
Senſi ictum, nunc cerno fugam: Tibi Spicula, Alaſtor,
Æternùm jaceant lethalia fracta, medullam
Quæ mihi trajecere, interno tincta cruore!
O poſſuntne tuos mea Vota æquare volatus!
Torpida deficiat tibi Penna, et feſſus anheles;
Nî curſum properè flectas, Nymphamque reducas,
Et Regi Medicus ſis idem, ut Vulneris Auctor.
Dumque Anima in laqueo ſic colluctata laborat
Fatali, nec poſſe frui, aut ex corde Puellam
Oblito delere datur; cum mente putabam
Serius heu! multum tacitâ, at magìs æger amavi;

Et

Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an abyſs of grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd rein.
But O how ſhort my interval of woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made my ſofter hours their ſolemn care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my preſence; Abra went the laſt:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.
Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that Abra ſerv'd ſo well.
To Me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
'Till more appriz'd of what the Rumour ſaid,

More

Et miſi, et revocavi amens, juſſi, atque vetavi:
Donec jam Curarum exſpes ſubmerſus in undis,
Accepi tandèm miſerandâ a Sorte levamen.
Temporis hora meos lenibat ſera dolores,
Et laxas iterùm Sapientia ſumpſit habenas.
Heù breve ſolamen, miſeros heù parva labores
Excepit Requies! curſu quam præpete Luctus
Approperant; pede quam claudo Medicina moratur!
Altera Nympha, (Deo ſtetit hæc ſententia, pœnæ
Mutatâ facie curas renovare priores)
Altera Nympha, inter formoſas mille Puellas,
Mollia quæ noſtræ curabant Tempora Vitæ
Intentis ſtudioſæ animis, operâque fideli,
Stare locis voluit primis, et prima videri
Ante alias, Oculique loquacis ſigna notavit
Officioſa mei, celer antevenire jubenti.
Abra, (hoc nomen erat Nymphæ,) mihi ſponte ſub ora
Objecit ſe prima, noviſſimaque exiit Abra:
Abra parata fuit, nomen licèt Ipſe tacerem;
Cumque vocarem Aliam, properavit et adfuit Abra.
Gliſcens Sedulitas, et dædala cura placendi
Conſervas primùm haud latuit; dedit Abra Cachinno,
Materiamque Jocis, operâ vehemente Miniſtra.
At male apud memorem ſtabat me Gratia Facti,
Reſpexive pigro Spectator lentus ocello;
Donec plus patulam præbens rumoribus aurem,

Plùs

More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his weſtern ray;
When tir'd with buſineſs of the ſolemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the Women's bow'rs.
I call'd, before I ſat, to waſh my hands:
For ſo the precept of the Law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the ſweets, and miniſter the urn.

With awful homage, and ſubmiſſive dread
The Maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: She trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded look ſhe now devour'd
My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide a ſudden ſigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have dread, or pain?
What can thy imag'ry of ſorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all its Care,
Haſt thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart.

Abaſh'd ſhe bluſh'd, and with diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing ſhame adorn'd the words it broke.

If

Plùs Nympham attentus, plùs ſingula facta notavi,
Inque opere Ancillæ plusquam Ancillaria vidi.
Jam Sol Heſperio demerſerat Æquore Currus;
Cum jam ego pertæſus curas, et ſeria Lucis,
Suavitèr auſteros ſtatui laxare labores
Veſpere, ſecretaſque Epulas celebrare Catervam
Inter Fæmineam, viridi reclinis in umbrâ.
Afferri manibus lympham juſſi ante, paratæ
Quam menſæ accubui: ſic Leges, Juraque poſcunt.
Abræ blandus Amor mandârat munia, fontes
Ut liquidos daret, ac ſuaves miſceret odores.
Acceſſit Nympha obſequio pudibunda decenti,
Ut prono redolens Capiti irroraret Olivum:
Irrorans tremuit; nunc caſtum oblita pudorem,
In Me avidos pavit viſus, arſitque tuendo:
Nunc ſuffuſa rubore vagos revocavit ocellos,
Et tacitè eſt conata tumenti in pectore motus,
Ac mœſti premere introrſùm Suſpiria Cordis.
Undè tibi, dixi, manat timor, undè dolores?
Quid ſibi Mæroris velit hæc lugubris Imago?
Semota a Mundi rebus, ſejunctaque longè,
Tun' Luctum nutris, et Gaudia, Spemque, Metumque?
Nam certè, nunquam certè Tibi Pectus, Amoris,
Anguſtum, aut Rabiem ſenſit, Jaculumve recepit.
Erubuit, ſubitoque Animi confuſa tumultu
Singultìm hæc dixit: Pulcher Pudor ora loquentis
Ornavit, ponduſque dedit, venereſque Loquelæ.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble ſeries of his Hand-maid's care;
O! while ſhe tells it, let him not put on
The look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
O! let not Death ſevere in glory lie
In the King's frown, and terror of his eye.
Mine to obey; thy part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer pain;
If the King ſmiles, whilſt I my woe recite;
If weeping I find favor in his ſight;
Flow faſt my tears, full riſing his delight.
O! witneſs Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If Madneſs may the name of Paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Deſpair.
Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret will controlls
The inward bent and motion of our Souls!
Why haſt thou plac'd ſuch infinite degrees
Between the Cauſe and Cure of my diſeaſe?
The mighty Object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra muſt expire,
Had he been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd, or fleecy ſheep his care;
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's froſt, and Summer's ſun,

Still

Si potis eſt animos adeò ſubmittere Princeps,
Ut Famulæ Curis patientem commodet aurem;
Singula dum narrat, procul exulet horrida Frontis
Majeſtas, Solio Gentes quæ terret ab alto.
Ne Mors in Vultu lateat lugubrè micanti,
Eque oculo Regis vibret intolerabile Fulgur.
Imperitare Tuum; Mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt:
Sitque referre licèt, ſævos renovare dolores;
Dum refero luctus, ſi Rex arrideat ore
Pacato; ſequiturque meos ſi Gratia fletus,
Lachryma crebra fluat, fluat Illi plena Voluptas.
Te teſtor, Tellus, et conſcia Sidera Cæli;
Pectus amore calet: Quis condere poſſit Amorem?
Si Virgo maleſana meretur nomen Amantis:
Sive Amor eſt, nullum ſperare in Amore levamen.
O Suprema, Hominum penetrans quæ Corda, Poteſtas,
Affectus regis, et cæcâ moderaris habenâ!
Infinitum adeò cur diſtinet Intervallum
Diſpoſitas, Cauſamque Mei, Morbique Medelam?
Si, mea quæ violens carpit præcordia, flammæ
Nobilis Ille Auctor, flammæ, quâ mœſta recedet
Conſumpta in Cineres, heù Nulli flebilis! Abra,
Si modò Paſtoris, vel Proles hirta Bubulci,
Aut niveos Ovium fætus, Armentave læta
Curâſſet; Montes iviſſem mane per altos,
Nil metuens Brumæ furias, Soliſque calores,

Still asking, where he made his flock to reſt at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected Gueſt,
I had with haſty joy prepar'd the Feaſt;
And from the cottage, o'er the diſtant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the Swain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toſs'd by Hope and Fear;
'Till He and Joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Maſter near.
On my declining neck, and open breaſt,
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely Youth to reſt;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With ſofteſt care have ſtoln my arm away;
To riſe, and from the fold releaſe the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.
Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my flame
(For ſure from Heav'n the faithful ardor came)
Had bleſt my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With height of Title, and extent of Pow'r:

Without

Uſque rogans, medium cùm Sol ſuperârat Olympum,
Quâne Pecus requiem, et frigus captaret in Umbrâ.
Hoſpitis in chari adventum ſub nocte parâſſem
Feſtinas gaudens epulas, et Ruris inempta
Fercula; et anguſti ſpeculata e Culmine Tecti,
Intendiſſem avidos, paſſìm omne per æquor, ocellos,
Sicubi Paſtorem viſu deprendere poſſem;
Inter Spemque Metumque incerto mobilis æſtu,
Impatienſque moræ; donec veniente venirent
Illo Deliciæ, et frontem explicitura Voluptas;
Et Canis adventus jam ſignificaret Heriles,
Lenitèr attritæ crebro ſinuamine Caudæ.
Infuſum Gremio Juvenem, Colloque retorto
Foviſſem amplexu perpulchrum, invaſerat Artus
Irrigui donec facilis Violentia Somni.
Mollitèr et Capiti ſubducere Brachia vellem,
Cùm Cælo tenebras oriens Aurora fugârat;
Eximerem clauſos ſurgens ut Ovilibus Agnos,
Pulchri ſemper amans Pecoris, Pecoriſque Magiſtri,
Huic faciles Somnos, His Pabula læta miniſtrans.
Aut ſi fortè meo Deus aſpirâſſet Amori;
(Namque erit Ille mihi ſemper Deus, indidit ignem
Qui tam cæleſtem cordi, qui Solis ad inſtar
Flagrat inextinctùm, et parili fulgore coruſcat)
Si modò me titulis auctam decorâſſet honeſtis,
Nataleſque meos auguſti Inſignia Sceptri

(Lucinæ

Without a crime my Paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's Queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather honey falling from his Tongue;
To take the fragrant kiſſes of his Mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South;
Likening his Grace, his Perſon, and his Mien
To all that Great or Beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as ſolar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from cryſtal ſtreams;
Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Boſom fair
As Silver; the curl'd ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's wing; his Lip more red
Than Eaſtern coral, or the Scarlet thread;
Even his Teeth, and white like a young Flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear Brook

Recent,

(Lucinæ favor, et naſcendi nobilis ordo)
Ornâſſent: creviſſet Amor mihi criminis expers;
Tùm molles ad Regem aditus mihi Fata dediſſent,
Et fari coràm, dulcemque recludere flammam.
Tunc Ego veniſſem certans prævertere Shebæ
Reginam, ut veneres indutum mille viderem,
Qui formâ Natos Hominum ſupereminet omnes.
Ut Lyrici Charitas redolentia carmina Vatis
Dulciſona audirem; ut depaſcerer aurea dicta,
Mellaque libarem, quæ Lingua Poetica fudit.
Oris ut Ambroſii fragrantia Baſia ſugens
Exprimerem, ſuaves ſuperantia Veris odores,
Cinnameamque, oras Shebæ quæ ventilat, auram.
Egregias formæ Veneres, ac frontis honores
Omnibus aſſimilans, quæ, Pulchra, aut Splendida florent.
Dulcè micant Oculi, ceù lucida tela Diei,
Refractum nitidi jaculantes lumen ab undis
Chryſtalli, et modico radiant fulgore ſereni;
Interfuſa Genas diſtinguit Purpura, et Auro
Par Rubor; Argenti candentia pectora vincunt
Splendorem; torti per lævia Colla Capilli
Nigreſcunt, quales ſparſæ per tergora pennæ
Cornicis; plùs Labra rubent, quam tincta colore
Stamina Puniceo, Eoive Corallia Ponti;
Æquali pulchrè Dentes ſtant ordine, et albi
Grex velutì, cui forma eadem eſt, eademque Juventas,

Quique

Recent, and blanching on the ſunny Rock.
Iv'ry with Saphirs interſpers'd, explains
How white his Hands, how blue the manly Veins.
Columns of poliſh'd Marble firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his Legs and Feet.
His Stature all Majeſtic, all Divine,
Straight as the Palmtree, ſtrong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments ſhed:
And everlaſting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly haſt Thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high Embrace,
And bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future Race;
To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and, O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,

The

Quique recèns tonſum liquido de flumine Vellus
Purum a Sorde refert, et nunc in Rupis aprico
Vertice, Phæbêo fervori obnoxius albet.
Sapphiris velutì miſtum violaverit aptè
Si quis Ebur, Manus alba, et cærula Vena colores
Non alios jactant: huic Crura pedeſque Columnæ
Stant ut Marmoreæ ſuper Aurea fulcra locatæ.
Nobilis Ore nitet Majeſtas; Corpore Palmam
Procero, validis et Pinum viribus æquat.
Myrrham, fragranteſque Crocos exſpirat Amictus,
Perpetuumque Nemus circa caput halat Amomi.
Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ me dementia cepit?
Iratis heu! nata Deis, miſerabilis Abra!
Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem:
Heu! claris nimiùm verbis, temeraria Virgo,
Vulgâſti anguſto conceptum in pectore Votum;
Te velle in thalamos Tanti conſcendere Regis,
Amplexuque frui; ſeros honor unde Nepotes,
Et derivati decorabit Gloria Regni;
Ut fortunatam Gens omnis prædicet Alvum,
Sceptrigerâ fætam Sobole, et Solomone futuro.
Hìc Lachrymæ impediunt iter udum Vocis obortæ.
O Virgo maleſana, infauſtaque Fabula! pectus
Uſque meum tædamque novam, et nova Vulnera temnet,
Spiculaque ex oculo fugiet vibrata futuro.
Heu! priſcus dolor in confoſſis ſenſibus hærens

The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the King's diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat;
And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err.
This Abra then——
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some reſpite to the ſorrows of my Slave.
Her fond exceſs proclaim'd her paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often; for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my ſight;

And

Sævit adhuc; me Vinc'la etiamnùm Ægyptia vexant,
Et vel adhuc memori manet altè in Mente repôſtum
Opprobriumque vetus, ſpretæque injuria flammæ.
Poſtera cùm forſan potis eſt felicitèr hora
Sæva adeò delere mei monimenta Pudoris;
Læta ſuas Ratio ſedes, et fræna reſumet,
Et lapſus Solomon iterùm ad faſtigia rerum
Aſcendet, ſolitoſque ſibi depoſcet honores.
Cùm ſemel indignâ tenuerunt compede mentem
Affectus, animoſque lues interna ſubegit,
Marte velùt domitos cautas intendere vires
Hic labor, hoc opus eſt, Pravique ambage relictâ,
Erroris nunquàm curſus iterare ſiniſtros.
Abra mihi implicuit ſimilis contagia Morbi.
Hanc viſu dignatus eram; ſic pectus amicum
In Genus humanum ſuaſit: ſolatia Luctûs
Hoc dedit Ancillæ, paullùmque emolliit ægram.
Prodebat veros Labor officioſus amores;
Parque fuit veras Nymphæ miſereſcere curas,
Et placido vultu tantos medicarier æſtus.
Præmia conceſſi Meritis, blandoque Puellam
Lenibam alloquio; et lectam de millibus unam
Sæpiùs, egregio dignatus honore, vocabam;
Semper enim partes implebat læta Miniſtræ.
Hanc facilem viſu repetitus reddidit Uſus,

And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's bow'rs
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer hours)
The Apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake ſhe kneaded was the ſav'ry meat:
But Fruits their odor loſt, and Meats their taſte;
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the Feaſt.
Diſhonor'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand:
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raiſing their voices to the Maſter-lyre;
Too flat I thought This voice, and That too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little skill:
Nor could my ſoul approve the Muſic's tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and Abra ſung alone.
Fairer She ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better Mien diſclos'd, as better dreſt.

Quæque fuit facilis viſu, mox grata videndo
Enituit, ſubitâque animum dulcedine movit.
Mollia cum ſuavi fallebam tempora luxu,
Inter Fæmineas ſedes, et amæna vireta,
Delicias Veneris meditans, et totus in illis;
(Hanc etenim primò magnarum pondere rerum
Laſſatus quærebam, horæ ſolamen inertis;)
Huic decerpta manu dulciſſima Poma; ſapores
Hâc Epulis operante novos habuere Placentæ:
At Fructûs odor, et periit ſua gratia Cænæ,
Jucunduſque ſapor; niſi amabilis Abra decoro
Ornâſſet ſumptu convivia: ſpumea Vino
Pocula deliciiſque ſuis, et honore carebant,
Hæc niſi Pulchra manus porrexit amabilis Abræ:
Cumque choros lectæ celebrarent Veſpere Nymphæ,
Æquarentque Lyræ dominantis voce canores;
Hæc nimis auſterùm, nimis illa ſonabat acutùm,
Huic nimis artis erat, Solertia defuit illi:
Nec placuit Citharæ ſonus, et vis Muſica cordi,
Donec tota Cohors tacuit, jamque edidit Abra
Sola Melos, dulcique ſonore ſilentia rupit.
Eminuit pulchras inter pulcherrima, formâ
Nobilis exorti, exortes dum duxit honores;
Quoque magìs nitidos induta inceſſit amictus,
Ore magìs nitido, et geſtu meliore refulſit,
Mille trahens varios radianti a Veſte decores;

Turgens

A bright Tiara round her Forehead ty'd,
To juſter bounds confin'd its riſing pride:
The bluſhing Ruby on her ſnowy Breaſt,
Render'd its panting whiteneſs more confeſs'd:
Bracelets of Pearl gave roundneſs to her Arm;
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
Her Senſes pleas'd, Her Beauty ſtill improv'd;
And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lie in proſp'rous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The Damſel's ſole ambition is to pleaſe:
With freedom I may like, and quit with eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man is made!

How

Turgens frontis honos, incluſus limite juſto,
Detumuit modicùm, rutilo impediente Tiarâ:
Emicuit magìs in luctanti pectore candor
Conſpicuus, rubri diſtinctus luce Pyropi:
Pulchra rotundârunt Armillæ brachia, baccis
Inſignes; Gemmâque decor fuit auctus ab omni.
Dumque hilares mulſere perennia Gaudia ſenſus,
Lætitiâ crevit creſcente Superbia Formæ;
Nymphaque amabilior, quo plùs ſe ſenſit amatam,
Prodiit, eque meo veneres ſibi duxit amore.
Agnoſco reputans, merito et jam crimine damno
Errores fatuos, ac priſci dedecus ignis;
Speratum meritis ubì reſpondere favorem
Contingit, jam ſponte volens ſuccumbere Amori
Felici, et certæ flagrare cupidine Meſſis.
Quænam etenim ex Abrâ metuenda pericula? Virgo
Corda íntùs ſummiſſa, illudere neſcia capto,
Et manſueta gerit, ſævos exoſa triumphos.
Ut placeat Studium conſtans, et ſola Puellæ
Ambitio eſt: Mentis datur exercere poteſtas
Arbitrium; vel amare, aut cum jam tædet, amatam
Linquere: me mirâ illectum dulcedine lenit,
At nunquàm indecori retinebit compede vinctum.
Cur non poſſit Amor ſemel, et Pax alma coire?
Quam fragile eſt Animal, quàm caſſo robore pollet
Mortalis, proh Summe Deus! quam prodere ſenſim

Se

How by Himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe pow'r;
And by the blaſt of Self-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On Pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and we crown the Bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong guſts of raging Paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire Tempeſt mingles Earth and Skies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs Ocean born,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;

And

Se ſtudet, exitiumque ſibi molitur ineptus!
Neſcia Mens Hominum fati, Sortiſque futuræ,
Vi nimium confiſa ſuâ infelicitèr audet,
Et nimis heù turget rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Noſtraque dum Faſtûs inflantur Carbaſa vento,
Diverſis petimus captivos ducere ſenſus
Illecebris, cupidiſque animis optamus amari.
Læta Voluptatis prope Flumina lenitèr ævum
Ducimus, errantes extremo in Margine ripæ,
Dum vel adhuc faciles præbet Fortuna regreſſus:
Mens, ignara metûs, ſua projicit arma, peric'lum
Dum latet, et Ventis tradit ſecura protervis
Conſilium: tunc Deliciis, Venerique vacantes,
Floriferis temerè in Pratis, viridique ſub umbrâ
Proſtrati, variâ fragrantes arte Corollas
Teximus, et Calices undanti implemus Jaccho;
Et labi propiore volumine cernimus æquor
Ridentes; donec violento concitus æſtu
Affectus, ſævitque animi maleſana Cupido;
Donec vi rapidâ Venti, velut agmine facto,
Quà data porta, ruunt; et Hyems jam turbida nimbis
Et cœlo terras, et terris miſcuit undas;
Cùm nos in præceps prono rapit æquore Vortex,
Serò Stultitiamque, et ſpes lugemus inanes:
Devotum Morti caput undique pulſat aquarum

And from our troubled view the leſſen'd lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded pow'r
How ſhall the human boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our thought avoid the various ſnare?
Or Wiſdom to our caution'd ſoul declare
The diff'rent ſhapes, Thou pleaſeſt to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dreſt,
To-day encounters our unguarded breaſt:
She looks with Majeſty, and moves with State:
Unbent her ſoul, and in misfortune great,
She ſcorns the World, and dares the rage of Fate.

Here whilſt we take ſtern Manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action ſhown,
We praiſe her mind, the Image of our own.
She that can pleaſe, is certain to perſuade:
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee thro' Reaſon's optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's rays elude our ſight:

Struck

Impetus, atque oculo Tellus ſubducta dolenti
Decreſcit viſu minor, et vaneſcit in auras.
O late pollens Amor! O Suprema Poteſtas!
Quêis Humana tuas eludent Corda catenas
Artibus? aut varias Ratio quæ provida fallet
Inſidias? Quænam doceat Prudentia mentem,
Quæ te transformas rerum in miracula, certus
Lædere Mortales, et iniquo perdere leto?
Virgo tumens faſtu, Veneris ditiſſima donis
Cor hodiè oppugnat, tantis congreſſibus impar:
Fulget in inceſſu Majeſtas, fulget in ore:
Libera dum curis, nulloque infracta dolore
Mens inter medios ſpirat ſublimia caſus,
Illa Hominum, et Fati furias irridet inanes.
Hìc dum ſæva ſuis Virtus nos flectit habenis,
Et rigidos tutatur Honeſta Superbia mores;
Magnanimæ inſolitâ capti virtute Puellæ,
Non indigna Viro laudamus pectora, Mentemque
Excelſam, et ſpeculo nobis blandimur in illo.
Quæ lenocinio devincit, docta placendi
Mille modos, ſuadere poteſt, et corda guberñat
Eloquio: ſerpentem hodiè per pectora flammam
Sentit Amans, ſupplex Nymphæ cras paret amatæ.
Decipimur ſpecie Recti, Rationis ocello
Confiſi nimìs; ignari, quàm Spicula Vultûs
Formoſi, radiique micantes Lumina fallant.

Struck with her eye, whilſt we applaud her mind;
And when we ſpeak her great, we wiſh her kind.
To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, thou arm'ſt the Fair
With flowing ſorrow, and diſhevel'd hair:
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her ſighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here gen'rous ſoftneſs warms the honeſt breaſt:
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
And whilſt our wiſh prepares the kind relief;
Whilſt pity mitigates her riſing grief:
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious care;
Grieve for her ſorrows, groan for her deſpair;
And againſt Love too late thoſe boſoms arm,
Which tears can ſoften, and which ſighs can warm.
Againſt this neareſt crueleſt of foes,
What ſhall wit meditate, or force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble Nature, ſhall we ſummon aid;
If by our pity, and our pride betray'd?
External remedy ſhall we hope to find,
When the cloſe Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind;
Inſulting there does Reaſon's pow'r deride;
And blind himſelf, conducts the dazled guide?

My

Fulgura nos Oculi præſtringunt lucida, mentem
Laudantes; et cùm fortem, magnamque fatemur,
Mirando ardemus, facilemque precamur amorem.
Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras triſtia ſuggeris arma,
Roranteſque Genas lachrymis, paſſoſque Capillos:
Sermo humilis, queruluſque dolor; Suſpiria præſtant
Crebra vicem, quoties nec Vox neque verba ſequuntur.
Concipiunt placidos generoſa hinc Pectora motus:
Triſte levare genu, et ſuccurrere diſcimus ægræ:
Dumque inopi auxilium votis properamus amicis;
Dum pia creſcentes minuunt ſolatia luctus:
Tranſitione malum nocet, et contagia Mœror
Diſſipat; adflemus flenti, adgemimuſque gementi;
Seriùs armatum Cor ſeſe opponit Amori,
Quod gemitu calet, ac lachrymis molleſcere novit.
Hujus in incurſus, domitâ qui Mente triumphos
Intùs agit, cunctis truculentior hoſtibus, artes
Quas ſtruet Ingenium, quæ propugnacula vires
Objicient? aut undè tuo malè fulta vigore,
Natura, auxilium, ſociaſque arceſſere turmas
Fas erit, ingenium ſi mite, animique feroces
Nos prodant Faſtus? num ſpe ludemur inani,
Externamque petemus opem, cùm obſederit Hoſtis
Viſcera, et infido ſub Pectore Signa locârit?
Illic inſultat Victor Ratione ſubactâ,
Illuſæque Ducis regit orbus lumine greſſus?

Nunc

My Conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It ſought its Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her ſtay:
Return'd, She chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief away:
Her abſence made the night: her preſence brought the day.
The Ball, the Play, the Mask by turns ſucceed.
For her I make the Song: the Dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each ſhape and dreſs,
That Luxury may form, or Thought expreſs.
To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conqueſt guides her brow:
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic Chorus ſings her proſp'rous Hand;
As ſhe had ſlain the Foe, and ſav'd the Land.
To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter Air;
Forſakes the pomp and pageantry of War;
The form of peaceful Abigail aſſumes;
And from the Village with the Preſent comes:

The

Nunc victum gratâ me vinxit amabilis Abra
Compede: cor totum poſſedit, et una replevit
Dilecta ante alias Virgo: fuit Illa Voluptas,
Sola fuit Requies: cùm ceſſerat Illa, morarum
Impatiens dolui, et ſuſpiria crebra profudi;
Illa redux luctum, et ſuſpiria mœſta fugavit.
Nox erat atra abſente, Dies præſente refulſit.
Alternis ſubeunt et Scenica Pompa, Chorique,
Et Perſonati Laſcivia Comica Ludi.
Huic pedibus plaudo choreas, Huic Carmina dico.
Hanc ſequor ornatus totidem formaſque gerentem,
Dædala quot Luxûs Solertia fingere novit.
Abra hodiè patulo Palmæ ſub tegmine regnat,
Cincta armis, habitus Deboræ imitata viriles:
Feſta triumphales exornant Serta capillos:
Ipſe, Barachi inſtar, proſtrato corpore ſupplex
Advolvor pedibus: celebrat felicia Nymphæ
Cœpta Chorus, fictique canit miracula Belli;
Haud alitèr quam ſi patriis averterat oris
Exitium Vindex animoſa, et ſtraverat Hoſtem.
Cras placidi geſtus magis, et tranquilla Venuſtas
Huic placet: exuit ora trucem referentia Martem,
Et Pompam Armorum, Simulachraque ſplendida ponit;
Paciferæ induitur vultus, habituſque Abigalæ;
Et Villâ egrediens opulentos ruris honores
Pleno læta ſinu portat: mirata Juventus

Defigunt

The Youthful band depoſe their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my Father's Step and Mien,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.
If hap'ly Abra's Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the ſprightly Court
Leave their Repoſe, and haſten to the Sport.
In leſſen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, Jeruſalem, deſcends to wait,
'Till Abra comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of Perſia's, and Arabia's Breed,
Suſtains the Nymph: her Garments flying looſe
(As the Sydonian Maids, or Thracian uſe)
And half her Knee, and half her Breaſt appear,
By Art, like Negligence, diſclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courſer's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Ruſtles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front diſplay
An artificial Moon's increaſing Ray.

Diana,

Defigunt tellure haſtas, et Scuta reclinant;
Accipiunt dona, ac Veneres uno ore fatentur;
Ipſe Patris greſſum, et Frontis venerabile pondus
Affectans, multâ cum majeſtate Futuræ
Reginæ occurro, et celſa in Palatia duco.
Sin denſis fortè in Sylvis velit Abra vagari,
Et Cervos agitare leves, aut figere Damas;
Sole recèns orto ſtratis excita ſoporem
Excutit, agreſtique accingitur Aulica Ludo
Exultans animis Pubes. Celeberrimus Ille,
Rex Tuus, O Solyme, Sceptri gravitate relictâ,
Et jam Rege minor, cunctantem ſedulus Abram
Expectat: tandèm magnâ ſtipante catervâ
Progreditur: Nympham Sonipes candore nivali,
Perſarum ducens Arabumque ab origine gentem
Ambiguam, portat: Ventis ludibria veſtes
Diſcinctæ fluitant, (Tyriis ſic ire Puellis,
Sic mos Thrëiciis) apparent parte papillæ
Dimidiâ, nudumque genu; nullumque fatetur,
Sit licèt Arte exculta, decens Incuria Cultum.
Quadrupedem lævâ regit, et veſtigia firmat:
Inſignem argento manus altera ſuſtinet Arcum.
Ex Aurêâ, lateri, Pharetrâ, quæ penſilis hæret,
Tela ſonant, Ebenuſque coruſcis perſtrepit alis.
Sapphirus, niveâque Adamas in fronte relucens
Oſtendunt fictæ creſcentia Cornua Lunæ.

Diana, Huntreſs, Miſtreſs of the Groves,
The fav'rite Abra ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent Goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingled Chorus ſings Diana's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Myſtic Praiſe: the vocal Triumphs bound
Againſt the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.
If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thouſand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the watr'y Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Iſle.
A golden Chariot in the Midſt is ſet;
And ſilver Cygnets ſeem to feel its Weight.
Abra, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy Throne,
In ſemblance of the Græcian Venus known:
Tritons and Sea-green Naiads round her move;
And ſing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilſt as th' approaching Pageant does appear;

And

Omnia Dianæ ſimilis, vocemque, coloremque,
Et Greſſum, Princeps nemorum nunc Abra movetur
Venatrix. illam, præſens ceù Numen, adoro:
Illius ante pedes votivam ex ordine prædam
Projicio. ſocio famam Chorus ore Dianæ
Concinit: æriſonam Lituuſque et Buccina vocem
Altiùs intendunt, et falſâ Laude tumeſcunt
Pleniùs: Aërios certantia Murmura Colles
Percutiunt: pulſi Colles clamore reſultant,
Et Nemorum aſſenſu vox ingeminata remugit.
Veſpere ſi ſero capiant faſtidia Nympham
Venatûs, Nemorumque, et cras pellucida malit
Flumina, Piſcoſoſque Lacus inviſere; Fabrûm
Mille hâc nocte manus Regalia juſſa capeſſunt.
Concreſcit tabulis compacta in littore Moles,
Inque Altum demiſſa, Natatilis Inſula prodit.
In medio Currus radianti fulgidus auro
Ponitur; Argentêique videntur pondus Olores
Sentire, ac Collo vix ſuſtentare gementi.
Formoſa, aſcendit Solium, Regina, coruſcum
Abra, et adoptivo Veneris cognomine creſcit:
Plurimus hanc Triton, et Naiades undique glaucæ
Agminibus ſtipant denſis; blandâque camœnâ
Vim celebrant dulcem, pollenſque Cupidinis Oeſtrum.
Intereâ, propiùs dum Pompæ accedit Imago
Ludicra; ſublatuſque Virûm jam Clamor, et Ora

And echoing Crouds ſpeak mighty Venus near;
I, her Adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the Wave.
O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my Folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That maſking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no: Jeruſalem combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt:
Abra invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.
To have the Honor of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's Wilds, and Ægypt's are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the Phenix 'ſcapes ——
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and Abra's Praiſe.
And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe

In

Pulſa ſono, Venerem teſtatur adeſſe potentem;
Ipſe pius nimiùm Cultor ſervilia præſto
Officia, extremoque pedes in Margine figo,
Extendens cupidaſque manus, et Pectora, fictum
Ut capiam vitreis emergens Numen ab Undis.
O Ratio Alterius juſſis obnoxia! Sceptro
Efferus O triſti, et ſævâ ditione, Cupido!
Quonam me ulteriùs temerarius auferet Error?
An ſatis eſt intra Muros, et Septa Palatî,
Aut ſcenas inter virides, Nemorumque receſſus,
Pluſquam Regificos Abram exercere triumphos?
An Larvâ ſatis, ac ficto prætexere Culpam
Nomine, et arte Nefas tantum celare modeſtâ?
Non ita: ſpectatum veniet Solymëia Tellus
Principis Opprobrium, et manifeſti Signa Pudoris.
Lætitiæ Menſis, feſtoque ſacratur honori:
Abra vocat: Judæa epulas accita frequentat.
Sufficere ut Luxû poſſint alimenta diurno,
Sylva exhauſta Feris viduatur, Piſcibus Unda:
Quin Arabum ſpoliantur, et avia Teſqua Canopi:
Undique collectum menſas Genus ornat Edule:
Vix fugit Ipſe Gulam, Volucris licèt Unica, Phœnix.
Impellunt Pueri vocales pollice Chordas,
Innuptæ liquido reſonant Melos ore Puellæ,
Felicemque canunt Solomona, Abramque venuſtam.
Quin et venales auro, Gens improba, Vates

Mendaci

In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.
And now her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From Dan, and from Beerſheba they reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.
They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends

Should

Mendaci citharâ, ac probroſo carmine amores
Concelebrant, tituliſque decoris Crimen inaurant.
Poſtquam exempta fames Epulis, Menſæque remotæ,
Egredior ducens media inter millia Sponſam,
Quam Prudens celaret Amor; poſitoque pudore
Spectandam exhibeo Cunctis, Soliique, Torique
Conſortem, Cordiſque mei, Sceptrique potentem.
Nunc et Adulantûm plenis vomit ædibus undam
Aula frequens, quos Abra ſuis adſcripſit Amicis:
Dan exhauſta caret, caret et Beerſheba Colonis.
Sordida regifico tractant commercia tecto;
Proſtat Honos Auro, proſtant Inſignia Regni,
Et minor eſt avidis Provincia plurima Votis.
Cedere quando opus, aut noſtris ſe opponere dictis,
Hi Nympham erudiunt; et Amoris Ludicra Curis
Imperii gravibus miſcere, ac Seria Nugis;
Per fixas ſtabilem firmare Tyrannida Normas;
Deliciiſque meis fatalem infundere Peſtem.
Conſilium, Sceleris quod debuit Illa Magiſtris,
Succinit, et diro fallit mea corda veneno;
Regibus, hæc inquit, fas eſt obducere fuco
Pellaci ſua verba, ac cæcâ abſcondere nocte
Internos animi ſenſus; ſimulare, jubere,
Vulpinaſque agitare cato ſub pectore fraudes;
Quin opus eſt pravas didiciſſe fidelitèr artes,
Et, ſua dum ſpectant ſtudioſi commoda, blandis

Illa-

Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of legal Princes, and of honeſt Courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's Brood, and taunting Shimei's Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to David's Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd him to his Face.
Still Abra's Pow'r, my Scandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She Lateſt ſpoke.
Iſrael neglected, Abra was my Care:

Illaqueare dolis Inimicos, pellere Amicos,
Quos Probitas exornat, amorque incoctus Honeſti.
Et jam ſubduco fidas mihi ſponte Columnas,
Fulcraque contemno, quæ Juſtos optima Reges
Suſtentant, quêis nixa viget, tollitque ſub auras
Læta caput, ſtudiis floreſcens Regia pulchris;
Barzillæ Hæredes, et fortia corda, Benaiæ
Belligeri Sobolem; quorum, Gens inclyta, Patres
Ritè ſalutârunt Diadema Hebronis ad urbem
Indutum, viridi cum jam pubeſceret ævo,
Jeſſeiden, ducentem alieno e vulnere famam,
Et Rerum ſociis evectum ad Culmina curis.
Nunc in deliciis habeo inconſultus et amens,
Quos formidandos mea Noxa, ac devius error
Reddidit, arguti metuendos Scommate Naſi;
Mordacis Shimëi Catulos, Coræque vetuſti;
Quêis animo David victus clemente pepercit,
Legibus obtritis licèt, et moderamine Sceptri,
Ipſius ante oculos diris petiere Tyrannum.

Crevit adhuc Abræ imperium, mihi dedecus una
Crevit, et aucta novas vires Infamia ſumpſit;
Arbitrio Lances Abræ Themis Ipſa potentis
Submiſit labefacta ſuas: Jus hujus ab ore
Pendebat; fixit Leges Verbo, atque refixit.

Poſthabitâ Iſräel, mihi Publica et Unica Cura
Abra fuit: parens huic ſoli munia Vitæ

I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded Heart.
Abra poſſeſs'd; She was its better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cauſe,
Which gave my righteous Youth ſo juſt Applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembled Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and ſly Perſuaſion hung;
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd Child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as Abra frown'd, or ſmil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries addreſs the Throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded File;

And

Læto obii ſtudio, Soli res ſedulus egi,
Huic ſoli tenues verſabam pectore curas,
Huic totus vigui, Solique in commoda vixi.
Heù! non auſus eram trutinâ Rationis in æquâ
Explorare aliquid, vel læſo ſeria corde
Volvere, et errores tantos proferre ſub auras.
Abra intùs tenuit, Cordis Pars optima, Sedem.
O! ſi nunc iterùm peragi me Judice Cauſam
Vidiſſem egregiam, meritos quæ juſta locuto
Aſſeruit Juveni plauſus, Ars callida Matris
Fruſtrà inſediſſet fictæ, Suadelaque labris
Mellea; et in Veræ tumuiſſent pectore fruſtrà
Naturâ ſtimulatus Amor, et conſcia Prolis
Cura ſuæ; deceptæ animi dùm morte peremptum
Spectâſſent Ambæ Puerum, vel veſcier aurâ
Permiſſum æthereâ, litis prout Arbitra, frontem
Obduxit nebulâ, vel riſu molliit, Abra.
Imperii laxas moliri ignarus habenas,
Servitium affectans, amplexatuſque catenam,
Truncus iners jacui, et Magni vix Principis Umbra.
Fundit inauditas Orborum turba querelas
Cuſtodum vi læſa: preces, ac flebile Murmur
Incaſſum mittunt Viduæ, Soliumque fatigant.
Judicii nondùm libratæ examine lites
Prægrave dedecorant pendens e vertice Filum;

And ſleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How Moſes govern'd, and how David fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or loſt in Drink and Game the ſolid Day:
Porches and Schools, deſign'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threatning Ruin ——
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artiſts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfiniſh'd ——
The Wiſe and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Miſchiefs of a ſinking State.
Is this, the Serious ſaid, is this the Man,
Whoſe active Soul thro' ev'ry Science ran?

Who

Et Leges ſomno paritèr cum Rege ſepultæ,
Otia ſecuri damnant ingloria Regis.
Jam non ulteriùs Seniorum nobilis Ordo
Confluit ad Solium, præcepta ſalubria docti
Hinc emendatis ut normam Moribus aptent.
Jam non ulteriùs didicit Generoſa Juventus,
Quid Moſis potuit Sceptrum, quid Davidis Arma.
Deſuetus belli ſtudiis ſine more jacebat,
Enervis luxu, et Solidi Spatia ampla Diei
Conſumpſit luſus inter, vel Pocula Miles:
Jamque Scholæ, et longis ſe porrectura per orbes
Area Porticibus, quas olìm in Publica ſanus
Commoda molibar, Tecti faſtigia quærunt,
Et Tabulatorum victæ ſub mole fatiſcunt,
Nutantve horrificis ex alto immanè Ruinis.
Culmina Dimidiæ poſcunt ſperata Columnæ;
Et lædunt oculos Tecta interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, denormatique labores.
Artifices lugent, Fabriliaque Agmina languent:
A Patre legatum, Patriæ Spes maxima, Magni
Templum, Auguſtum, ingens, ſtat Numinis imperfectum,
Cognatoque jacent æquanda Cacumina Cælo.
Fata dolent Sapiens, auſteraque Turba, Tyranni;
Et derivandas in Regna labantia clades.
Hic Vir, Hic eſt, inquit rigidus Servator Honeſti,
Cujus Mens agilis peregrè ſine corpore velox
Notitiæ campos ruit expatiata per omnes?

Ingenium

Who by juſt Rule and elevated Skill
Preſcrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whoſe Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large Phylacteries expreſſive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
Our Youth's Inſtruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wiſe his wild Deſires reſtrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!
What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?
In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay
(As crown'd with Roſes at their Feaſts they lay)
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with Abra's Name,
And Charms ſuperior to their Maſter's Fame:
Laughing ſome praiſe the King, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how Love and Wiſdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:

Ingenium cujus ſubtile, ac Regula ſolers
Ambiguos juſto ſignavit limite fines,
Quos ultra Pravum, quos intra conſtitit Æquum?
Cujus Dicta, ſacro mirè diſtincta lepore,
Aurea, perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ,
Membranis inſcripta amplis Rabbinica Turba
Fronti annexa ſuæ, decus immortale gerebant;
Unde ſibi præcepta Juventus commoda duxit,
Et quibus exornata ſuperbiit Ipſa Senectus?
Non potuit Sapiens cohibere Cupidinis æſtus?
Tunc fruſtrà auditus, fruſtrà fuit Ille locutus!
Quidve aliud docuit nos Vita illius, et Artis
Callida mens omnis, niſi qùod tam Nobilis ipſum
Nobilitet ſcelus, ingeminetque Scientia Culpam?
Indulſere jocis Hilares Lepidique Sodales,
(Ut Roſeis vincti redolentia tempora Sertis
Accubuere epulis) Vinoque undantia Nobis
Poc'la propinârunt, Abræ teſtantia nomen,
Et Veneres, quêis Regis honos, et Gloria ceſſit.
Indulgent Alii Riſu, laudantque Tyrannum,
Qui Populo ſpectare dedit, quam Luxus, et aptè
Majeſtas coeant, et in unâ ſede morentur:
Hi tacitè advertunt, quantâ Sapientia lite
Diſcordent et Amor; Noſtræque ſacerrima certant
Frontibus adverſis Præcepta opponere Vitæ.
Attamen, exclamat Quidam, Cratere ſalutem

To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King, for Judah's, and for Wiſdom's Curſe,
To Abra yields: could I, or Thou do worſe?
Our looſer Lives let Chance or Folly ſteer:
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with Flowers her flowing Hair:
And touch the Lute, and ſound the wanton Air:
Let us the Bliſs without the Sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on Levity's ſmooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that ſinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thouſand he has made.

Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which we from thee receive;
If for our Wiſdom we our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If Judah's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;

And

Hoc voveo Regi:— qui Rex fuit, increpat Alter.
Dedecus heu! Sophiæ, Judæque ingloria labes,
Rex Abræ ſervit miſer, imperiumque fatetur.
Numquid Ego hoc pejus, vel Tu delinquere poſſis?
Luxuriæ penitùs, Venerique litemus inerti,
Sorſque regat noſtras, vel grata Inſania Vitas;
Quando ità, quos forti Sapientia pectore munit,
Abripit in præceps animi temerarius error.
Floribus impediat fluitantes Dina capillos;
Et Citharæ volucri percurrens pollice chordas,
Laſcivum melos eliciat, moduloſque procaces:
Libemus nullis armata Roſaria ſpinis,
Sumere dùm Nobis, vel ſumpta relinquere fas eſt.
Deliciæ placido Levitatis in æquore ludunt:
Addit Cura ingens, et non tolerabile pondus,
Quod fundo Luctûs Animam ſubmergit in imo.
Nunc itaque Hæc noſtro mandentur Dicta Tyranno,
Præceptumque ſuis accedat Millibus Unum.
Sæva tui eſt, Ratio, et metuenda Potentia Sceptri,
Indigena O Pavidi, et Dominatrix aſpera Cordis!
Et Legum imponis crudelia fœdera Victis,
Si Sophiâ Dulcis ſit permutanda Voluptas,
Et quo Quiſque magis reputet, magis ingruat Angor.
Si Judæ Rex ipſe tuum reus ante Tribunal,
Aſſerat ut tumidos, ponat ſua Gaudia, Faſtus;

And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more ſtrictly bound.
But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign?
While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colours wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.
Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to controul.
Yes; thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel Iſrael, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,

Impediarque Tuis, variâ ſub imagine Pœnæ,
Arctiùs in Vinc'lis, Vinc'lis dum ſolvor Amoris.
At Leges queror immites, ac ferrea Jura,
Teque colo durâ horribilem ditione Tyrannum?
Dum verè nihil Ipſa aliud nisì Nomen inane es,
Viſa Eadem Nullis de te certantibus olìm;
Mentis opus vacuæ, Proleſque incongrua Luctûs;
Ornatu ſplendens alieno, et Imagine falsâ,
Et tenui fuco depicta Volatilis Auræ;
Umbra repercuſſa heu! ſimulataque Linea; Compes,
Quam, meditans Homini fraudes Homo lædere ſolers
Extudit, Arte malâ nobis injecta, puſillum
Dum Cor edomuit Timor, et parere coegit.
Seu Res Imperioſa audis, ſeu Nomen inane,
Et ſævos quâcunque ortus ab origine duco,
Jus tamen agnoſco; Tua enim lethalis Arundo
Fixa hæret lateri, et ſtimulos ſub pectore verſat.
Ipſe tuos invitus in imo corde Triumphos
Confiteor; natamque ad ſummi munia Regni
Sentio, et internos mittentem ſub Juga ſenſus.
Non nunc diſcerpent Tua Juſſa ferocia Venti;
Auribus accipiam placidis, et mente reponam:
Jam ſemel Ipſa, ſui Merces erit unica, Virtus.
Pone tuos tandèm, Iudæa infenſa, furores;
Nympha eat infelix, (Turbæ parebitur) Exul,
Et Thalamis avulſa meis procul ægra recedat:
Imperium ſimul, atque ſuos Rex linquet Amores,

No longer Abra's, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear its wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.
I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief
From my Deſpair alone——
I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labour'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.
I always ſhould, it ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more: it bid her feel
No future Pain for Me; but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.
She read; and forth to Me ſhe wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,

And

Serviet et Populo, qui nuper ſerviit Abræ.
Mens, ignava licèt, ſortem tolerabit iniquam:
Magnus ut evadam, fruar atro turbine Fati
Egregiè miſer, et Regales inter honores
Sæpè gemam, Soliique decoro Carcere ſeptus
Conquerar Aurati Phalerata Inſignia Luctûs.
Dixi; animo fixum ſtetit indulgere dolori,
Atque adeò in curas immergere pectus, ut eſſet
Sola Salus miſero nullam ſperare ſalutem.
Scribere malebam, metuit quod Lingua profari,
Dilectæ, ſed quæ fuit ableganda, Puellæ.
Scripta laborârunt duris evincere verbis,
Quam malè conveniant, et in unâ ſede morentur
Majeſtas et Amor. Crudelis Epiſtola dixit,
Semper honoratam Regi fore, ſemper amico,
Ut merita eſt, recolendam animo; ſed Regis ituram
Nunquam in conſpectus iterùm: quin juſſit amaris
Noſtri ergô nunquam laniari pectora curis.
At thalamos humiles ambire, et commoda ſorti
Connubia, et reliquum traducere lenitèr ævum,
Debita Plebeiæ tractantem munia Sponſæ.
Legit, et inſano Cordis concuſſa tumultu
Ad me proſiliit, priſci Solatia luctûs.
Procubuit Supplex, Luctata minataque flevit,
Et Vitam infelix alternâ morte recepit.
Donec non permiſſa ſuo dare fræna dolori,

Vique

And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,
This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the
[World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within thee roll?
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt thou ſuſtain?
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd I Abra's Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from Iſrael's Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, purſu'd her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;

And

Vique meis avulſa oculis, hæc ſola Voluptas,
Sola mei requies animi, et chariſſima cura,
Spe vidua, iratis Fortunæ obnoxia telis,
Jam paucis Ævi volucris fatalibus horis,
Et Gazas, et opes, et Amorem mœſta relinquit,
Et penitùs toto detruſa recedit ab Orbe.
Conſcia Mens, mihi nunc ediſſere vera roganti,
Si memorare auſis, varios quam concita motus
Senſeris, et Luctûs quis Te jactaverit Æſtus?
Ignibus arſiſti quibus, et quæ ſæva tuliſti
Tormenta, ac ſtimulos, alternanteſque dolores?
A Pompâ quotiès Solii in ſecreta refugi,
Ipſe meum cor edens, Hominum veſtigia vitans,
Ut ſterilem largo nutrirem fomite flammam?
Inque diem quotiès animo ſe ingeſſit Imago
Pulchra Abræ, quotiès inſtaurans ſingula, dulces
Libavi Veneres, et anhelam ad pectora preſſi?
Crebra ciens quotiès ſuſpiria, ſedulus omnes
Luſtravi facies, Species ubi mimica luſit,
Inque aliis Abram Nymphis deceptus amavi?
A Solio quotiès ad Amoris Transfuga partes
Optabam fugere, Imperiumque relinquere Judæ,
Ut cum illâ viridi regnarem ſolus in Umbrâ?
In ſomnis quotiès totâ ſum Nocte fugacem
Per Vitreos Amnes, et Florea Prata ſecutus;

Et

And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?
When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love,
In my ſwoln Boſom, with long War had ſtrove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger Courſe:
Lay'd all the civil Bonds of Manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd Ruin as the Torrent paſt.
So from the Hills, whoſe hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and ſwelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds diſdain;
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppoſe:
Towns, Foreſts, Herds, and Men promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the dreary Ground:
The echo'd Woes from diſtant Rocks reſound.
And now, what impious Ways my Wiſhes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and ſad Retreats of Ill;
How Judah's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,

By

Et ſomno excitus pulſas a Sole tenebras,
Et Gratas dolui ſimul evaneſcere Fraudes?
Cum jam ita Tempeſtas ſæva infelicis Amoris
Miſcuerat tumido diuturnum in pectore bellum,
Et rabiem, vireſque minax collegerat omnes;
Aggeribus tandèm ruptis obſtantia curſu
Proruit, ac valido disjecit turbine moles:
Et Vallum Civile, et Fines ſtravit Honeſti;
Et quà ſe rapido violens tulit impete Torrens,
Obvia depopulavit, iter ſignante Ruinâ.
Haud ſecus a Clivis, quorum concluſa Cavernis
Nix glomerata jacet, Pluviæque tumentis acervus;
Donec jam veteres uberrimus humor aquäi
Contemnit fines, indignaturque teneri;
Præcipites agitata volutant Flumina lapſus;
Nil agiles Plantæ, nil fortia Brachia proſunt:
Clades Una Viros, et merſas obruit Urbes,
Cum ſtabulis armenta trahens, ſylvaſque ſonantes,
Et magno informes inceſtat Funere Campos:
A Scopulis Luctûs offenſa reſultat Imago.
Quales nunc iniit recti Mens devia calles;
Utque Viri alternis, et Munia Regis omiſi;
Utque Voluntatis ſceleratæ inductus habenis,
Obliquum inceſſi per iter, Vitiique nefandas
Evolvi Ambages; ut nunc de Gente Puellas
Judæâ, Externæ nunc Scorta infamia Terræ

By turns my proſtituted Bed receives:
Thro' Tribes of Women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
And by the Inſtinct of capricious Luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their ſad Epitome alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.
Bury'd in Sloth, and loſt in Eaſe I lay:
The Night I revell'd; and I ſlept the Day.
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguiſh'd young Deſires.
By its own Force deſtroy'd, Fruition ceas'd,
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
Its wonted Stores, and old Ideas find.
Fix'd Judgement there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or ſet the Falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift Mem'ry trace the Cells,

Where

Omnigenâ excepit fœdata libidine Sponda:
Ut volui Nymphas Erro vagus ire per omnes
Stare loco impatiens; ut amata relinquere pernix
Quos noctu petii, cras fugi exoſus Amores;
Et variâ inconſtans moderante Libidine pectus,
Nunc ſævus, nunc gratus eram, potiebar, et odi.
Velentur tenebris hæc Turpia Facta decoris,
Et merito Humanis procul amoveantur ocellis!
Lurida Laſcivas ſpecies Oblivia carpant,
Perpetuæque tegant circùm Caliginis Umbræ!
Vel Sæc'lis pateant Compendia ſola futuris,
Et fœdi emineant Veſtigia tenûia fuci,
Ut ſatis hinc tellure fides dominetur in omni,
Luctus Stultitiam, et Vitium generare Pudorem.

Exanimem conſumpſi inhoneſta per Otia Vitam:
Nocturno indulſi Luxu, Somnoque Diurno.
Qui priùs ardebant, Fomes Novus obruit Ignes;
Continuæque Vices hebetare Cupidinis Oeſtrum.
Vi propriâ periit potiendi Copia; laſſum
Deliciis nunquàm ſubierunt Gaudia Pectus.
Mens obducta ſitu, lentoque ſepulta veterno
Non ſolitas rimatur opes, Simulachraque rerum
Priſca, nec Archetypas vocat in Proſcenia Formas.
Non Vegetum ulteriùs manet altâ ſede repôſtum
Judicium, Curvo ſolers dignoſcere Rectum.
Non jam agilis penetrat Cellas, cæcoſque Receſſus

Where ſpringing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By ſad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dies;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
In Regal Garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the Perſian Damſel's haughty Pride.
Now with the looſer Syrian dance, and ſing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire,
And ſhape my Fooliſhneſs to their Deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philiſtine Dame,
At Dagon's Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
With the Chaldean's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincenſe aſcends to Baal.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dreſs;
And ſerve her God, whoſe Perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded Senſe, was Reaſon flown?
Where the high Majeſty of David's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living God inform'd my Youth?

When

Mnemoſyne, quà Vis primævo flore Repertrix,
Ingeniumque Volucre ſuas poſuere latebras.
Crapula jam vires repetito ſumit ab uſu:
Vita operum patiens, et Honeſto aſſueta labaſcit.
Deficit Effœto paulatìm in Corpore Robur,
Ulteriùs donec peccandi ablata Poteſtas.
In delirantis Senii fundamine regnum
Conſtabilit Mulier, noſtris evecta ruinis:
Flagitat? haud renuo: minitatur? juſſa capeſſo:
Nunc gravis incedo Regalem indutus amictum,
Dum proprios mihi Virgo inſpirat Perſica Faſtus:
Et nunc cum Syriâ, Trabeam ſuccinctus, honoris
Immemor et Regni, canto ſaltoque, Puellâ.
Harum, inhians formæ, mores inſulſus adopto,
Artificique traho cunctos ſub Pollice vultus.
Sæva Philiſtinûm nunc me Matrona gubernat;
In fraudem allicior, flammaſque ad Fana Dagonis
Accendo inceſtas. Decor et Chaldæa triumphos
Relligio ducunt, et juncto fœdere regnant;
Hinc Baäli mittuntur odora volumina Thuris.
Scorto cuique Novo Nova pono Altaria; Numen
Illius uſque colens, quæ me devinxit Amantem.
Quò fugit Ratio? quò me malus abſtulit error?
Inclyta Davidici quò ceſſit Gloria Sceptri?
Quò Veri fugere perennia Dogmata, Mentem
Quêis Pater Omnipotens primis effinxit ad annis?

Cùm

When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In Iſrael's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beaſtly Divinities, and Droves of Gods:
Oſiris, Apis, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
And Dog Anubis, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd its Aid:
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell;
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this Chaos in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.

I found

Cùm victum illecebris Phariâ de gente Puella
Me colere Effigies, Simulachraque bruta coegit,
Monſtra Deûm Omnigenûm, quæ non Iudæa recepit
Ora priùs, Stabulique obſcænâ clauſit in æde;
Divinaſque Feras, et fœda Armenta Deorum:
Mutum, ac turpe pecus, virides quod ruminat herbas,
Te ſimul, Api et Oſiri, et Te, Latrator Anubi,
Qui captas avidis projectam faucibus Offam.
Cùm Collis vetitâ ſculptum Sylveſtris in Umbrâ
Expolii Marmor, quod mox in vota vocabam:
Cùm cultu indigno Muſcas veneratus et Angues,
Limoſas inter proſtravi Membra Paludes;
Impius et Plantas, et Numina nata per Hortos
Cultor adoravi, ac Barbato munera Porro,
Votaque ſancta tuli, modò quod mea Dextera ſevit:
Cùm colui quicquid Tellus fœcunda creârat,
Rectorem oblitus, Cœli Terræque potentem.

Per Chaos hoc Animi, per opacæ Nubila Noctis,
Emicuit demùm tenuiſſima Lucis Origo.
Ambiguo tenebras rumpentia Lumine, primos
Explicuere ortus Subluſtris Tela Diei.
Iamque agitans tacito cum pectore ſeria, Regem
Contemptum vidi; famulis deferbuit ardor
Obſequii, et nullos ſanctâ formidine Vultus
Perculit, elatæque verendi frontis honores.

I found my Subjects amicably join,
To leſſen their Defects by citing Mine.
The Prieſt with Pity pray'd for David's Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.
The Father, whilſt he warn'd his erring Son,
The ſad Examples which he ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A wiſe Child better than a fooliſh King.
Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on my Decree.
Fond the Idea, and the Thought is vain:
O'er Judah's King ten thouſand Tyrants reign,
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:
And He, from whom the Nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and Freedom, lies Himſelf a Slave,

Tor-

Pactâ lege Meos recitando Noſtra notavi
Crimina, ſe Culpis, et fœdâ exſolvere Noxâ.
Multa pius Præſul lapſâ pro Gente precatus
Davidis effudit, Sortem miſeratus acerbam,
Pleniùs utque meam poſſet perſtringere Vitam,
Contextûs Seriem medio in ſermone reliquit.
Dum Pater a Vitii deflectere tramite Natum
Tentabat monitis, et dira Exempla docebat,
Quæ fugere imprimìs decuit, cognomine tantùm
Celato, Solomona ipſum ſubjecit ocellis.
Et Vates, Seniorque Omnis cantabat Alumno;
Prælucet Stolido, ſanâ Puer indole, Regi.
In Me verti oculos, in Me Rationis Acumen;
Pluſque Miſer dolui, quò plùs cum Mente putabam.
Rex Ego ſum pollens, Numen Terreſtre: volentes
Per Populos do jura, et Nutu Cuncta guberno;
Affligo, tolloque, gravatos compede ſolvo;
Edictumque meum vel Mors vel Vita ſequuntur.
Deſipio, vanâque illuſus imagine paſcor:
Mille regunt, durâque premunt ditione Tyranni
Regem Judæ Humilem; vario ſtipata Libido
Sæva Satellitio, Scelerumque Exercitus omnis
Imperio Dominum cogunt parere minorem.
Ille etiam, Populis quem jura imponere fas eſt,
Servitiique Jugum Captivo demere Collo,
Ipſe Aliis ſervit miſer, agnoſcitque Catenas;

Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Deſires,
Laſh'd by mad Rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal Fires.
O Reaſon! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wiſdom, Thou ſay'ſt, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams tranſmitted to the ſubject Earth.
Yet this great Empreſs of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
If reſtleſs Paſſion by rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Uſurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worſe Extremes with ſwifter Steps would run,
Not ſav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.
Oft have I ſaid; the Praiſe of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Ointment to the Smell.
Now if ſome Flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the Alabaſter Urn ſhou'd fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd, would die;
And Stench corrupt (ſad Change!) their Place ſupply.
So the leaſt Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:

Into

Dùm Levis hunc cruciat Tormentis mille Cupido,
Dùm ſtimulat Rabies, Laſcivaque Flamma perurit.
Jam ſemel ecce iterùm, Ratio, Te voce fatigo:
Hunc capias luctum, et præſens ſuccurre ruenti.
Igneus eſt Sophiæ Vigor, et Cœleſtis Origo,
(Ut Tua dicta ferunt) radiantia Semina Lucis
Cœlitùs in Terræ gremium fluxere jacentis.
Hæc tamen Humani Princeps ter Maxima Cordis,
Ludicra Sceptra gerit, fictoque ſuperbit honore;
Si Dominam imbellem ſua fræna audire Cupido
Cogat, et inſanos in Pectore miſceat æſtus.
Sis infirma licèt, variisque agitata procellis:
Conſiliis tamen orba tuis, Palantia Corda,
(Quamlibet exiguis) citiùs graviora ſubirent;
Et licèt his nullum Virtus daret alma levamen,
Funditùs occiderent, Vitii demerſa Barathro.
Sæpe mihi dictum eſt tali perfundere Laudem
Aures lætitiâ, qualem dat olentis Amomi
Copia, cùm grato nares contingit odore.
Sin forte accipiant Muſcas Alabaſtra cadentes,
Quamlibet exiles; animas tunc protinùs omnis
Expirabit Odor dulces, fœtenſque tenebit
Aura locum, ſævamque efflabit acerba Mephitim.
Tenûia ſic Pulchris interſita Crimina Factis,
Semina Venturæ fiunt lethalia Noxæ.

Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt Solomon! purſue this Thought no more:
Of thy paſt Errors recollect the Store:
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the Juſt; ſhall o'er their Head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh Hand; She ſhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame
Impartial, ſcatter Damps and Poiſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion ſing
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful, all and vain.

THE END.

Suavia ſi violent Virtutis Balſama Puræ,
Dira per infectam ſpargunt contagia Vitam.
Infelix Solomon! mitte hanc de pectore curam:
Multiplices Culpas recole, Erroreſque vetuſtos:
Et tacitus luge, qùod dum pia neſcia leti
Muſa canet Juſtos; dum prodiga ſparget odores,
Ætherioque ſacros perfundet Aromate Crines;
Ore tuum pleno referet Scelus, et Tibi Nomen
Tartareis maculabit aquis, et tabe Veneni.
At pulſo, velutì poſt Somnia longa, Sopore,
Incuſſere mihi Mala Scorta, Deique ruborem
Monſtroſi; puduit tam dira opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Ergò animo mecum ſtatuens, cùm tempus amicum
Se daret optanti, Vitii hoc emergere vaſto
Gurgite, Lugubrem rurſùs memorare Camœnam
Gaudia fruſtratos juſſi fugientia tactus:
Mœrentem juſſi ſuper æthera tollere Pennam,
Ereptamque Cupidinibus, terrâque madenti
Spes Caſſas, et Opes, quêis non conceditur uti,
Et cui Fructus abeſt, Luxûs cantare nitorem
Magnifici, et Venerem, Stimuloſque Libidinis acres,
Et comites Riſus, et Vota, Oculoſque loquaces,
Omnia fœta dolis, et Magnum in rebus Inane.

FINIS.

VIS MUSICÆ,

SIVE

ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM,

DRYDENI in S. CÆCILIAM

ODE,

LATINITATE DONATA

A

GEORGIO BALLY, Coll. Regal. Alumno.

——— *Muſa Lyræ Solers* ———
——— *Juvat aut impellit ad iram,*
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.

HOR.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

'TWAS *at the Royal Feaſt, for Perſia won,*
By Philip's Warlike Son:
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Hero ſate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound.
(So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be crown'd:)
The Lovely Thais by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

II.

ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM.

CUM jam Regifico inſtrueret convivia luxu
Proles Philippi Martia,
Diemque feſtis dedicaret poculis,
Victâ triumphans Perſide:
Heros par Superis ſedit in aureo
Evectus ſolio, Nobilis, et ſacro
Undique circumfuſus honore.
Belligeri Satrapæ poſuere ſedilia circum,
Quorum intexta Roſis redimibat tempora Myrtus.
(Talibus cingi meruit Corollis
Bellica Virtus:)
Huic aſſidebat Thäis amabilis,
Eoa qualis Sponſa, ſuperbiens
Ævo virenti, Gratiaſque
Purpureo jaculata Vultu.
Felices ter et ampliùs,
Quos dulce jungit Vinculum!
Formoſa Nympha Fortibus,
Formoſa Nympha Fortibus,
Formoſa ſolis Nympha detur Fortibus.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inſpire.
The Song began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
When He to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while He ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender Waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the (World.
The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound.
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,

Aſſumes

II.

Inter canorum Timotheus ſedens
Sublimis Agmen, pollicis impulit
Volantis ictu fila, Muſamque
Elicuit citharæ tacentem.
Ad cœlum tremuli Modi feruntur;
Cœleſtique tument Pectora Gaudio.
Camœna duxit principium ab Jove;
Qui domos olim ſuperas reliquit,
(Tantum vis potuit ſæva Cupidinis.)
Ignea Forma Deum texit mentita Draconis:
Cum jam ſublimè coruſcis
Orbibus incumbens equitavit, et agmine certo
Vaſtum per Inane petivit
Formoſæ niveum pectus Olympiæ.
Gracile tunc amore corpus ambiens plicatili,
Venturam impreſſit propriâ ſub Imagine Prolem,
Quam tremeret Tellus, Dominumque agnoſceret Orbis.
Combibit altiſonos avidâ Plebs aure canores:
Regnare clamat Quiſque Præſentem Deum;
Præſentemque Deum Laquearia pulſa retorquent.
Extra ſe rapitur ſono
Heros; in Superas evehitur domos,
Sublimique ferit Sidera vertice:

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

III.

The Praise of Bacchus then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,
Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes.
Bacchus, ever Fair and Young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

IV.

Terræ recedunt: induitur Deum;
Manu rubenti fulmina deſuper
Triſulca vibrat; jamque nutu
Ætheream tremefecit Aulam.

III.

Plurimus in Bacchi laudes mox fila Canorus
Increpuit Fidicen Lyræ;
Bacchi, quem Venus, et nitens Juventas
Formæ perpetuo beant decore.
Jam ducens hilares venit triumphos
Serto revinctus Pampineo Deus,
Lætitiæ dator, et Jocorum.
Infletur Tuba, Tympanumque pulſum
Edat ſonores Bellicos.
Numen Purpureo ſuas rubore
Uvas aſſimilans, honeſta prodit
Ora renidens.
Tibia multiforos fundat acuta ſonos;
Victor Thyoneus advenit, advenit.
Bacchus, quem Venus, et nitens Juventas
Formæ perpetuo beant decore,
Nobis delicias dedit Bibendi.
Gazam miniſtrant Bacchica Munera,
Sunt et Voluptas Pocula Militis;
Optima Gaza,
Grata Voluptas;
Curam Voluptas grata ſupervenit.

IV.

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes; and thrice he ſlew the [*ſlain.*
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe;
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
He choſe a Mournful Muſe
Soft Pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius Great and Good,
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And weltring in his Blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed:
On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

With

IV.

Harmoniâ captus faſtu Rex turget inani,
Et pugnata, iterùm prælia fortis obit.
Ter ſtravit ſtratos, et fuſa ter agmina fudit.
Vidit canendi Callidus Artifex
Inſanientes Pectoris altiùs
Tumere fluctus, et rubore
Inſolito radiare Vultus;
Vidit coruſcis lumina vividùm
Ardere flammis; dumque minax Polo
Orbique miſcet Bella; verſo
Pollice comminuit furores.
Nunc queribundum
Plenum triſtitiæ melos ciebat,
Lenire ſolers Pectora:
Darium cecinit Bonum, Potentem,
Sorte gravi nimìs et ſeverâ
Lapſum repentè, flebili lapſum vice,
Lapſum e priori Gloriæ faſtigio,
Inque ſuâ ſanie volutum:
Quorum præcipuè nunc indiget, orbus Amicis,
Priſtina quos aluit menſa, beavit Amor;
Defuncto dùm Nullus adeſt, qui Lumina condat,
En! jacet in Gelidâ, Triſte Cadaver, humo.

Lugu-

With down caſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole;
And Tears began to flow.

V.

The Mighty Maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree:
'Twas but a kindred-Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,

Think,

Lugubris in terram Victor defigit ocellos,
Corde mutato recolens doloſæ
Aleam Sortis, miſeroſque Caſus.
Nunc furtìm gemitus ciet,
Nunc Humor tacitas labitur in genas.

V.

Melicæ Magiſter Artis
Placido renidet ore,
Gradibus ſciens ſecundis
Paphiam ſedere Divam;
Similes movere Chordas,
Moduloſque conſonantes
Opus unicum ciere.
Aliena quippè flentis
Mala, protinùs medullas
Subit intimas Cupido.
Suavitèr lenes citharæ canores
Elicit, Lydæque modos Camœnæ
Suſcitans, Regis liquefacta corda
Mollit amore.
Sic Fila blandis increpuit ſonis.
Tumultuoſæ Bellum opus Aleæ;
Turgens inani Bulla Vento
Laus, & Amor Popularis Auræ:
O Qui Laborum perpete volveris
Gyro, Laborum fine carentium;
Et uſque pugnas, uſque cædis,
Si meruit tibi Terra vinci,

Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applauſe;
So Love was Crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the Golden Lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

Re-

Diſce frui, totoque triumphans utere Mundo.
Aſſidet Thäis lateri decora,
Dona præſentis rape lætus horæ,
Quæ Venus ridens, Veneriſque Proles
Nectare tinxit.
Infremuit Vulgus, pulſavit et Æthera plauſu;
Muſica ſic vicit, præmia cepit Amor.
Neſcius intereà premere alto pectore curas,
Charam Rex inhiat ſtupens Puellam,
Cauſam Rex inhiat ſtupens doloris,
Suſpirat uſque et uſque Vultus aſpicit,
Suſpirat iterum, et uſque Vultus aſpicit,
Et uſque ſpectans, uſque dat ſuſpiria.
Tandèm plenus Amore, ac Numine plenus Iacchi,
Labitur in Pulchræ candentia pectora Nymphæ,
Pendet et ambroſio Victor devictus ab ore.

VI.

Pulſata rurſùm perſtrepat Aurea
Chelys; ſonores jam magis et magìs
Tollantur alti; Vinc'la Somni
Rumpite Fulmineo fragore.
Sed Audin', Audin'; jam canor horridus
Torpidum Regis caput excitavit;
Tanquàm potentis carminibus Magi
Infernâ elicitus domo,
Infanas acies undique conjicit.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies ariſe:
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are Grecian Ghoſts, that in Battel were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the Plain.
Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew.
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hoſtile Gods!
The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Ad Ultionem ſurge, Timotheüs boat,
Ad Ultionem ſurge, clamant Atria.
En ut relictâ luridi
Profunditate Tænari,
Diræ coruſcant tortiles
Hydros inhorrentes comis!
Ut ora vibrant ſibila,
Luminibusque feris erumpit flammeus Ardor!
Informem aſpice, flebilemque cœtum,
Armatum facibus manus!
Hæc, Graiûm, quam cernis, inops inhumataque Turba eſt,
Quos Martis ira perculit;
Nunc Umbræ viduæ mortis honoribus
Campos inultæ pervolant.
Quin ultionem ſolve, ſolve debitam,
Hoſteſque cæſis inferias refer,
Et clade clades expia.
Viden' ut altè Lampadas circum rotant,
Ædeſque verſus Perſicas tendunt manus,
Fulgidaque infenſis devota Sacraria Divis!
Plauſus ingeminant pectore turbidùm
Lætantes Satrapæ; Rex celer igneum
Funale, ſpirans exitium, rapit;
Dux aperit viam,
Prædæque Thäis indicem
Prætendit arſuræ facem,
Accenditque Novas Trojæ Nova Tyndaris Arces.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.
At laſt Divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies:
She drew an Angel down.

THE END.

VII.

Prioribus ſic Sæculis,
Antequam flatu reboans anhelo
Follis auguſtum Melos evocavit;
Cùm loqui nondùm didicere ſacris
Organa Templis;
Suavi Timothèus flamine Tibiæ,
Et Grandis ſonitu Lyræ,
Infudit rabiem, placidumve accendit Amorem.
Cæcilia tandèm Pulchra vocalem tulit
Demiſſa cœlo Machinam;
Dives opûm ſanctarum et Numine plena Jehovæ,
Luxuriem dedit, et Modulis immiſit habenas;
Graviſque Muſæ duxit in longum tonos,
Ingenio pollens, ignotaſque addidit Artes.
Cedat Puellæ Timotheüs minor,
Pareſve regnent; Hic Hominem extulit
Ad Aſtra ſolers; Hæc ab Aſtris
Æthereum rapuit Miniſtrum.

FINIS.

FINIS

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